The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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A TAME CROCODILE FOR A PET.

How a Siren of the Footlights Amuses Herself off the Stage.

Mirror of Life
ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Portraits of people prominent in the sporting and theatrical world are acceptable, and all portraits sent must be accompanied by a complete record to ensure publication. All sketches and news of an interesting character throughout Great Britain will be liberally paid for, if used. All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed "The Editor, The Mirror of Life," 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

13 WEEKS 13

Send 2s. 8d. to the Mirror of Life, 108, Fleet Street, E.C., and the paper will be sent you, post free, for thirteen weeks.

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining The Mirror of Life regularly off your newsagent, please send us the name and address of the agent whom you trade with, and we shall see that he receives his supply weekly.

OUR MOTTO.

"Be Just and Fearless."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. (Glasgow).—Your contribution came too late.
M. (Paris).—The race you mention is of no special interest to our readers.
B. Nelson.—See elsewhere in this issue.
Sailor (Plymouth).—A portrait of Jerry Driscoll, champion of the Navy, will appear in our next issue.
E. (Islington).—Portrait was too indistinct.
R. (Bury).—We can hardly see our way clear to comply with your request.
G. (Glasgow).—Thanks for your kind offer.
B. (Edinburgh).—See your wholesale agent.
S. (Bradford).—Send your order to Mr. George Vickers, Angel Court, Strand.
Inquirer.—Lawrence, of Woolwich, can supply you regularly.
Reader (Manchester).—We decline your offer with thanks.
J. T. (Cardiff).—Send us the name of your newsagent.
W. L. (Brighton).—Send one shilling to The Mirror of Life, 108, Fleet Street, E.C., and you will receive "The Life and Battles of James J. Corbett" post free.
B. T. (Birmingham).—Billy Plimmer has not been beaten or bested in America. We should say that George Dixon is afraid to fight him.
Atlas (Sunderland).—Peter Jackson is now in San Francisco.
Athletic (South Shields).—If you experience difficulty in getting The Mirror of Life regularly, send us 2s. 8d., and we will mail it to you weekly for three months post free.
W. (Nottingham).—Portrait and record have been received. Will appear later.

We are pleased to say that The Mirror of Life took another upward bound last week, to the tune of 2,800 copies. The public are beginning to appreciate the true merits of the paper, which is now a positive success. We shall in future make a special feature of a column under the heading of "Kicks from the Editor," and we may suggest that the paragraphs will contain more truth than poetry, from week to week. To those who seek paragraphs short and crisp, we should refer them to the column headed "Not Generally Known."

Not a week passes by but that we make a vast improvement in our paper, and the continued advance in the circulation is sufficient proof that our efforts are being rewarded.

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Suggestive illustrations and articles tending to lewdness or vulgarity will be studiously avoided henceforth. No gentleman need be ashamed to show our spicy journal to the most fastidious person, because it will contain nothing that is not well within the line of respectability. Any good, sound, common-sense suggestions sent us by our readers will be highly appreciated. We are catering to please the British public, and a matter of expense will be a secondary consideration when it comes to a question of improvement. What we want is to forge rapidly forward, and we don't propose to allow a question of expense to enter into consideration.

* * *

We should advise our readers to lodge a standing order with their newsagents for a copy of our paper weekly, and it will save disappointment. Don't miss a single copy; better that you should be on the safe side. We are always producing some brilliant idea, and in this advanced state of civilisation you can't gain too much information.

* * *

Aint The Mirror of Life the greatest sporting journal you ever read, and does any other paper published give you so much good readable news for twopence?

* * *

We are always pleased to receive favourable communications from any of our readers, and recently they have been pouring in thick and fast, applauding us for the bright journal we are placing before the British public. Ishmael Wilson, a Nottingham sporting character, writes, "The Mirror of Life stands unrivalled as a sporting journal; the mine of information it contains is unparalleled in the history of journalism. In fact, it stands far ahead of any paper for sporting literature, and every true sportsman who wishes to be up to date can't afford to miss a single copy of the grandest paper ever issued to the British sporting public."

* * *

Hair-dressing parlours and public-houses should always keep The Mirror of Life on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals, and The Mirror of Life is at the head of that list.

A SMOKING CONTEST.

Mexican Jose Forces Texas Jack to Quit After Smoking Fifty-seven Cigars.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A smoking contest was decided near Santa Fee, New Mexico, recently, which was the incentive of much money changing hands. Texas Jack, a character about town, was an incessant smoker of cigars, and it was supposed that he could burn to ashes more tobacco than any man in that section of the country. He boasted rather freely of his ability, and finally a match was arranged for him to meet Mexican Jose, the prize being a valuable game-cock, given by the proprietor, and a side wager of 50dols. The strongest cigars obtainable were secured, and as the quality was decidedly poor, it simmered down to a test as to who possessed the strongest nerves and stomach. Cigar after cigar were burnt to a small stump, and the room became one cloud of thick smoke. When each had disposed of fifty cigars odds were freely laid upon Jose as a sure winner. Jack struggled manfully, but it was noticed that cold perspiration began to stand out upon his brow. The fifty-seventh cigar proved to be his last, because, when half through with it, he fell off the chair deathly sick. It was some time before he could be revived, and he then was seized with a violent fit of vomiting. Jose was declared winner, though he too declares that he will never again consent to entering another such contest.

KICKS FROM THE EDITOR.

Our Position Defined.—We have finally had an understanding with the joker who is boss of our shop, and he is free to say that in future we shall write up the fighting and sporting news of the paper. When we first hired out we accepted thirty bob a week to write sporting notes, and, of course, we felt that we had a sinecure, but now we must look after the thick-eared gentry too. It seems hard on a dyspeptic gentleman to accept the risk of an occasional jab or two, because he tells the truth, but in these hard times we must bow to the inevitable. We are told that "Chalk" gets a tenner a week to give losing horses, but we understand that his tenner is only promised and our thirty bob is sure money, and will be paid every Saturday. Well, we shall stand the racket a little longer to see which way the cat jumps.

* * *

A Daring Challenge.—If that fellow that held us up for a bit of silver when we were trotting through Whitechapel the other night will call at our office, so we can have five minutes argument with him, we shall forgive him for the shock he gave us. We couldn't help but give up what he asked for, even if it did force us to walk home, because the demand came so sudden and forcible that we felt the perspiration stand out like beads upon our forehead. We don't know whether the club we have standing by our desk would make a dent in his face or not, but we should try hard, to leave an impression, just the same.

* * *

We Apologise to Mr. Gaylor.—When we wrote up about Bobby Gaylor setting his boots outside of the "growler," when he was being carted to his hotel, we didn't mean to infer that Bobby took too much booze and mistook the door of the vehicle for the door of his room, because we don't believe Bobby could punish enough fluid to produce such a condition. We didn't know what to think at the time, but now we apologise to Mr. Gaylor because his friends explain it away in a satisfactory manner. We are sorry that Bobby found his boots too tight for his feet, and regret that there was not sufficient room in the brougham for his feet and the boots. If we had been there we should have recommended his having the boots placed upon the top of the growler—that is, if he thought the weight of them wouldn't break the top through.

* * *

Prepared for a Trial.—We have not personally interviewed Herr Dowe in regard to his cuirass, but if what we are told is true we are prepared to give it a trial. We require something to break off the effects of a blow from a boot, and we would not object to a head-covering so we could dare our wife to hurl a poker at our head when we strike home about the time the dairyman is doing his rounds. If the cuirass will stand the test we occasionally have to undergo we prognosticate a brilliant future for it.

* * *

A Sure Tip.—In course of time we may possibly forgive that Newmarket trainer, because time heals all wounds, but for the present we can't help thinking of what a cold deal we got. Just as we were about to lunch on some bread and cheese and a small tankard we got a dispatch, which said play all in on an "all-tight." We were a little ashamed, in our position, to risk a modest tanner on a good thing, so we rushed out and borrowed what we could on our coat and waistcoat, in order to take a plunge. The dog didn't come one, two, six in the race, and now we are forced to go about with our top-coat only. Saturday we shall have the pleasure of our chattels once more, but how we shall long for invitations to dine all next week! Gentlemen of a generous turn of mind will please take the hint.

* * *

Who will support us?—When we called to interview a gentleman the other day regarding the Corbett-Jackson fight we were given a letter in which a Philadelphian says:—"Since Corbett has declared in a letter over his own signature in American papers that he could defeat Jackson in ten rounds, why don't he consent to a twenty round battle at the National Sporting Club for that £3,000 purse? The Mirror of Life should be in a position to coax Corbett into a ring with Jackson." That sounds nice on paper, but who will stand behind us when we attempt to goad Corbett in a personal interview? We don't mind calling on Gentleman Jack or Uncle Tom and daring them to put on the gloves, but as we have a family depending on us, we shouldn't care to leave them entirely destitute. If we can induce any insurance company to accept a risk on our life we should jump at the opportunity of inviting personal destruction, because our carcass would then be worth more dead than alive. Until such times as we can muster together sufficient to pay the first premium and pass examination, we shall be forced to decline the task our Quaker friend wishes to impose upon us, but in the meantime we shall have our say, even if we have to barricade the doors of our sanctum for self-protection.

* * *

He Slipped on an Orange Peel.—We have often laboured under the impression that we were a mug, but never thought we should stand a real cold take down. When in the midst of our editorial the other day, in walks a face which we shall ever remember. The owner said, "I'm der Jew, and I'm going ter fight ter a finish to-morrow night, and you're der cove I likes to see it. It's dead private, and nobody gets dere to give a report but you, do yer see? Say, guv'nur, give us a bit of silver so I get a cup of tea. See my face; it's hard, and you knows dey can't hurt it wit der fist." In an unguarded moment we let go of a bit of silver, and the Jew slunked off. The next morning we arose early, so as to camp out on the doorstep of the rendezvous where the fight was to take place. We sat there for nearly six hours, and felt like a starved rat, consoling ourselves on a few drops of water the Lord sent us from above, when our boss came up with a postcard which said, "I've met with an accident slipping on a piece of orange peel and cut my head severely open so that the fight is off.—The Jew."

That Made us Hot Under the Collar—we were never so mad in our life. We bolted up to Covent Garden and picked up all the rotten oranges we could get hold of and brought them down to the shop. We took off the peel and sewed the pieces together. Now, Mr. Jew, call on us again, and if you don't find our stairs covered with orange peel we'll eat your hat, no matter how many strangers you may have lodged in the lining. Can't hurt your face, can't they? Well, we'll hurt it with an axe we have on hand. We are dead sore, and won't be pacified till we try our luck on that East End Jew.

PEEPING TOM TROUNCED.

How Chorus Girls Punished a Stage-hand for being Too Inquisitive.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"The most amusing scene I ever witnessed," said a theatrical manager the other day, "was whilst I was taking a troupe through the black country. We were playing in a certain town, and just as the curtain was rung up I heard cries for mercy emanating from the extreme end of the stage. On going back I noticed one of the stage-hands, with his body bared and his hands shackled to the wall, receiving a good beating with rattans in the hands of two of the girls. I stopped the little game and was told that they were chastising the wretch because he persisted in peeping into their dressing-rooms when they were donning their costumes. Of course, I took umbrage at their actions, but personally I was satisfied the punishment was well merited. Ah! the man, what became of him? I had the managers of the theatre discharge him. It is not, by any means, a manly action to peep into a room, much less where actresses are busy getting ready for the performance, and I usually make it a point to keep a sharp look-out for such characters; and there are lots of them, too, wherever you go."

USED HIS HEAD FOR A BILLIARD CUE.

Feat Played with a Man for a Playing Stick.

(Subject of Illustration.)

An Australian who struck Washington Territory recently found himself put to a strange use in a billiard-room. His pompous ways when he reached Seattle angered the miners there, and, to show how powerless he was in their hands, they chalked his head, and stacking up the balls, the miners grasped the representative from the Kangaroo district, and, raising him clear of the floor, proceeded pushing his head against the ball, each taking him in turn till the game was played through, and he was then permitted to leave the place. He was decidedly wrathy at the outset, but soon quieted down like a lamb.

MEMOIRS OF BILL RICHMOND.

Bill Richmond, the black, was born a Sturton Island, near Richmond, Virginia, on August 5, 1763. When that place was taken by the English Richmond engaged the attention of the Duke of Northumberland, who took him under his protection as a servant, and after travelling with the Duke abroad for some time, he arrived in England in 1777. The Duke finding Bill possessed a good capacity, and being an intelligent youth, had him put to school in Yorkshire, where he received a tolerably good education, and afterwards apprenticed Richmond to the trade of a cabinet maker, in the ancienticity of York, where he served his time faithfully, and followed his business for a considerable time, not only in York but in London, as a journeyman, with credit to himself, and respected by his employers.

Bill's first display in the fistic art, which brought him into notice, was with George Moore, a recruit under Captain Connor, of the 19th Regiment. He was better known as Dicky Moore, and he installed Richmond upon the course at York during the time of the races. Dicky had been the terror of Sheffield, and had ruled the roost for some time in that part of the country; in fact, he was elegantly proportioned, possessing considerable strength, and all the necessary requisites for milling; in height he was 5ft 9½in, and weighed 14st. The friends of Richmond persuaded him from attempting to fight such a man, Bill only weighing 10st 12lb, the chances being positively against him, but he was not to be deterred, and the event proved his judgment correct, for, in course of twenty-five minutes, Bill punished Dicky so completely that he gave in, and was taken out of the ring totally blind.

On the same course, not long after this set-to, Richmond beat two soldiers, one after the other, belonging to the Inniskillen Dragoons.

Richmond's milling qualities getting abroad, a few of the lads, who had a bit of fight in their compositions, envied his success; and one in particular, a blacksmith, weighing 13 stone, and about 5ft 10in. tall, took the following method of provoking Bill to have a "cut:" Richmond was noticed in York for appearing smart and clean after he had done his work. He met this knight of the anvil one evening, as he was taking a walk, who not only insulted him with opprobrious epithets, but gave him a kick on the thigh. The black remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his behaviour, and told the blacksmith that if he wanted to fight him he should be accommodated at the Groves the next morning, at which they agreed to meet, when he was completely satisfied, and acknowledged Richmond the best man.

Richmond, in passing through the streets of York one evening with a female under his protection, was accosted by Frank Myers, who insulted the young woman for being in company with a "nigger." Bill, full of gallantry, and with a becoming spirit of indignation, requested him to desist for the present moment, but to meet him at the Groves on the next Monday morning, when they should settle their differences. Myers, very properly, received a complete defeat.

Richmond's first public bout in London was with Green, of Saffron Hill, in the fields, near White Conduit House. Phips Medley seconded Richmond, who whipped Green in such good style that in ten minutes he cried out enough.

At Blackheath, May 21, 1805, for a purse of ten guineas, Richmond entered the lists with Youssop, a Jew. It was a well-contested battle, and the courage displayed on both sides reflected credit on the combatants, as neither of them fell without a knock-down blow; except once, when Richmond slipped. For the first two rounds Youssop took the lead and maintained the advantage in the third round by nearly driving Richmond out of the ring; but in the fourth the scene was changed, and the superiority of the science of Bill was manifest; he followed up Youssop in the most determined manner, putting in some tremendous facers. At the end of the sixth round the countenance of the Jew was so much changed from the severe punishment he had received that he gave in.

From the above battle Richmond's fame as a pugilist had considerably increased, and Mr. Fletcher Reid backed him against Jack Holmes, who had so nobly contested for the palm of victory with Tom Tough. They entered the lists at Cricklewood Green, a short distance from Kilburn Wells, on July 8, 1805, in a twenty-one-foot ring. Richmond was seconded by Tom Jones, and Tom Tough attended upon Holmes. Until the twenty-sixth round Richmond had it all his own way, and Holmes was finally obliged to confess he had arrived at the end of his journey, it having lasted 39min.

Richmond now entered into an unequal contest with Tom Cribb, in which he was defeated.

Bill, for a subscription purse of fifteen guineas, fought with Carter, on Epsom Downs, April 14, 1809. Carter was much the strongest, and a heavier man than Richmond; and who in a turn up with such men as Jem Belcher and John Gully had convinced them both that he was no trifler; and now, having expressed his fancy for a bout with Bill, the black, without hesitation, informed Carter that he should be accommodated with a trial of skill. Paddington Jones and Bob Clarke seconded Richmond. Upon setting to the odds were 7 to 1 on Carter, and in the fourth round the odds ran so high against Richmond that 20 to 1 was sported on Carter to win, and 10 to 1 that the black would not come again. These odds were occasioned by a severe blow that Richmond received on the side of his head that rendered him nearly senseless; but Bill soon recovered from this momentary disadvantage, and showed off his science in such good style that in the course of twenty-five minutes Carter was so badly milled that he had to resign the contest. Immediately upon this being declared, Richmond jumped over the ropes and caught hold of a man called Brown, threatening to serve him out, as it appeared that he had loudly vociferated, during the time Richmond was suffering from the effects of the above blow, that Bill was a white feather. Richmond was patronised upon this occasion by Sir Clement Brigg, Bart.

In seconding a baker a few months later, near Willesden Green, a man of the same trade, weighing 17 stone, challenged Richmond on the spot, when a turn-up commenced, and in about two minutes the baker quit, but challenged the black to fight for £50 in a month. The baker paid two guineas forfeit.

Bill fought Atkinson at Goldin's Green, near Hendon, for a purse. It was a good fight, but in the course of twenty minutes Atkinson was perfectly satisfied that the chance was against him, and gave in.

Isaac Wood, a man of determined spirit, fought Richmond at Coombe Wood, April 9, 1809, in a 25ft ring. Wood was attended by Cribb and Cropley, and Paddington Jones and Clarke seconded Richmond. Wood stood stood it up manfully until the 23rd round, when he was again sent down by Richmond, who appeared but little hurt.

Richmond met George Maddox on the coast near Margate, on August 9, 1809, for 100 guineas. He had a turn-up with Maddox five years previous, when, after three rounds, he resigned the contest, and this match was arranged to put the question of superiority beyond doubt. After fifty-two rounds obstinately contended Richmond was declared the conqueror.

Richmond then met Powers, May 1, 1810, for a subscription purse, at Bob's Chop House. He was seconded by a Hon. Baronet and Crib, and Powers by a Colonel of distinction and Bill Gibbons. In fifteen minutes, Richmond was declared conqueror.

Richmond was entitled to a respectable place amongst the front ranks, both as a theoretical and practical pugilist, and his knowledge of the science was completely intuitive, because he never received a lesson in the art from any professor, but on the contrary, gave instructions to hundreds in various parts of the kingdom. In the ring, in point of activity, he stood almost unrivalled, and was considered to excel every other pugilist of his time in hitting and getting away, and dealing out severe punishment with his left hand. He was fit to fight any one even when he had reached the age of fifty-five years.

Being a black man, he was a target for many taunts and insults, and when he was a publican he maintained his good temper. He obtained notoriety because of his patronage of Molineaux and his generous behaviour to those in distress who came to him; they received a very different return from what might have been expected.

He challenged Molineaux or Carter for £100. He was an excellent cricketer, and took the best of care of himself.

Richmond felt the position he held in society, and when not milling he always found some other business to occupy his attention.

Mother (to married daughter): "Don't you think my photograph is good?"

Daughter: "I should say so. When I showed it to Tom it scared him, it is so lifelike!"

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

— That Jack Farley broke a couple of Jack Murphy's ribs in their recent contest.

— That George Dixon has a high regard for Billy Plimmer's ability as a fighter.

— That Billy Plimmer has compelled his brother to quit boxing and learn a legitimate business.

— That many of the bookmakers are squealing like "stuck pigs" because the public are picking too many winners.

— That The Mirror of Life took another jump in circulation last week.

— That Pedlar Palmer is good enough to meet any lad in the world at 7st 8lb.

— That Morris Cronin, the Yankee club swinger, now appearing at the Alhambra, is the cleverest juggler of clubs in the world.

— That Bob Fitzsimmons, the middle-weight wonder, will come here shortly and try to get on a fight with J. J. Corbett.

— That the "Life and Battles of James J. Corbett" is selling better than any work of its kind ever produced.

— That Joe Thompson, the Australian bookmaker, regards Ladas a sure Derby winner, and Matchbox an "air tight" for second position.

— That Sir George Chetwynd predicts Ladas in a common canter.

— That Mr. William Innes is convalescent.

— That Sam Blakelock is training George Johnson, and Johnny Boyle is advising Matt Livingstone for their coming contest.

— That Duncan C. Ross is making money in broad-sword competitions in the States.

— That Phil and Mike Dwyer, the American turfmen, talk of bringing a string of horses to this country.

— That Peter Maher, the Dublin heavy-weight, has at last won a fight in the States.

— That Billy Plimmer will sail from New York for England this month.

— That The Mirror of Life gives more sporting news than any other paper in the world.

— That The Mirror of Life is the only paper giving sporting anecdotes and gossip on pugilism.

— That Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, will strike this country before long, and challenge the middle-weight division.

— That the National Sporting Club stands pre-eminent for good boxing shows.

— That what the sporting editors of The Mirror of Life don't know is not worth knowing.

— That on receipt of 2s. 8d. to 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C., we will forward you The Mirror of Life, post free, for three months.

— That John Donaldson, Corbett's sparring partner, contemplates opening a public-house in London.

— That Corbett and his party want to kiss the "Blarney Stone" in Ireland.

— That we shall give some good things in our Turf Gossip every week.

— That "Chalk" gives more winners than any other Turf writer in the Kingdom.

— That The Mirror of Life is reliable in all its news.

— That we bestow credit where credit is due.

— That Dick Burge makes quite an actor.

— That the "mug" who was taken in by two "of the boys" the other day can't tell his own name when he sees it. He has money just the same.

— That those who work for us have no sinecure, but have to earn all they get. We have no room for "chairwarmers" or figureheads.

— That inside of twelve months our circulation will reach six figures.

— That Jake Gaudaur broke the three mile record for single scull racing in Texas the other day.

— That Bobby Habbijam is confined in St. Bartholemew's Hospital with illness.

— That Tommy Blaylock, 10st champion wrestler at Cumberland and Westmoreland style, takes a benefit at Montpelier Music Hall June 7.

— That Sir Augustus Harris will shortly introduce German opera at Drury Lane, and that the repertoire will include Wagner's "Die Walkure," "Tristan und Isolde," "Siegfried," "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," "Fidelio," and "Der Freischutz."

— That owing to the recent fatal accident at Wimbledon the War Office has ordered the volunteer corps hitherto using the butts to cease firing there for the present. It is understood, however, that instructions as to whether the use of the targets may be resumed will not be issued until the report and other representatiqns which have been made to the War Office on the subject have had further consideration by the military authorities.

— That on May 27 a quarrel between two sections of the congregation regarding the pastor led to a serious riot in a Polish church at Freeland, Pennsylvania, and four persons were shot and others were severely beaten, and that the chief of the police and another officer, who attempted to quell the tumult, were struck with stones.

— That many veteran sportsmen will regret to hear of the death of Ned Smith, who, at one time, owned a useful string of racehorses, including Adamas, who ran third in Blink Bonny's Derby; Huntingdon, winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap in 1857; Tame Deer, and Squire Watt. He acted as referee in several big prize fights, and was equally good as a pedestrian and a shot. For many years he had been an invalid.

— That at Montreal, May 26, Mr. E. Lasker defeated William Steinitz in the nineteenth game, for the World's Chess Championship, which he thus obtains, having won ten games. Mr. Steinitz, who retired in the final game after the fifty-second move, had five games to his credit, and four were drawn.

— That William Lloyd thinks too well of James Rymer's shaving ability.

— That Darkey Barton's letters to Harry Spurden were decidedly scurrilous.

— That the Vienna Jockey Club held an inquiry, on May 29, into the accident which occurred during the race for the Austrian Derby on the previous day, when six horses fell together, and that they decided that the mishap was in no way intentional or due to unfair riding. The jockey who rode Magus, the winner, was fined 1,000 florins for careless riding, whereby he forced Fénegyerek against the rails, and thus caused it to fall. The rider of Adonis, which came in third, was censured also on account of carelessness.

— That the portraits of the Earl of Rosebery and Jockey Watts, on p. 9 of this issue, will be appreciated by all sportsmen.

— That it costs Great Britain four thousand pounds to scrape the barnacles off the bottom of one of its big men-of-war and repaint it, and this has to be done twice a year in the case of nearly every vessel.

— That a favourite mode of suicide among the African tribes who dwell near Lake Nyassa is to wade into the lake and calmly wait for a crocodile to open its mouth and show the way to eternity.

— That at the London Bankruptcy Court May 29, Mr. Registrar Linklater granted to Arthur Ernest Wells, formerly proprietor of the Pelican Club, a discharge for his bankruptcy proceedings subject to judgment for £500 being entered against him.

— That George Barrett, the jockey, was thirty-three years old May 29, and first saw daylight at Nuttfield, Suffolk.

— That some people are wondering if stakeholder Davis, of Chicago, will ever present the 20,000dols worth of checks posted as stakes for Corbett and Jackson, at the bank, and if they are really worth the paper they are written on.

— That Tom Widger, a well-known horse dealer, father of the jockey of that name, died suddenly at Waterford, Ireland, May 31.

— That Peter Jackson has accepted the National Sporting Club's offer of a £3,000 purse to fight Corbett.

— That Charles Mabbott, a Nottingham football player, was sentenced at Bingham Petty Sessions to two months' imprisonment for a violent assault on a police-sergeant.

That Nurse Gillespie, of the Hackney Pauper Schools, misused the children in a most barbarous manner.

That the bullet-proof cuirass has proved a success, and the secret has at last been solved.

Squildig: "I can't make out why young Sappy isn't more popular with the girls than he is."

Mollwilligen: "Neither can I. He is the most ladylike gentleman of my acquaintance."

* * * *

She: "I am so shrprised to see you out after your sudden illness."

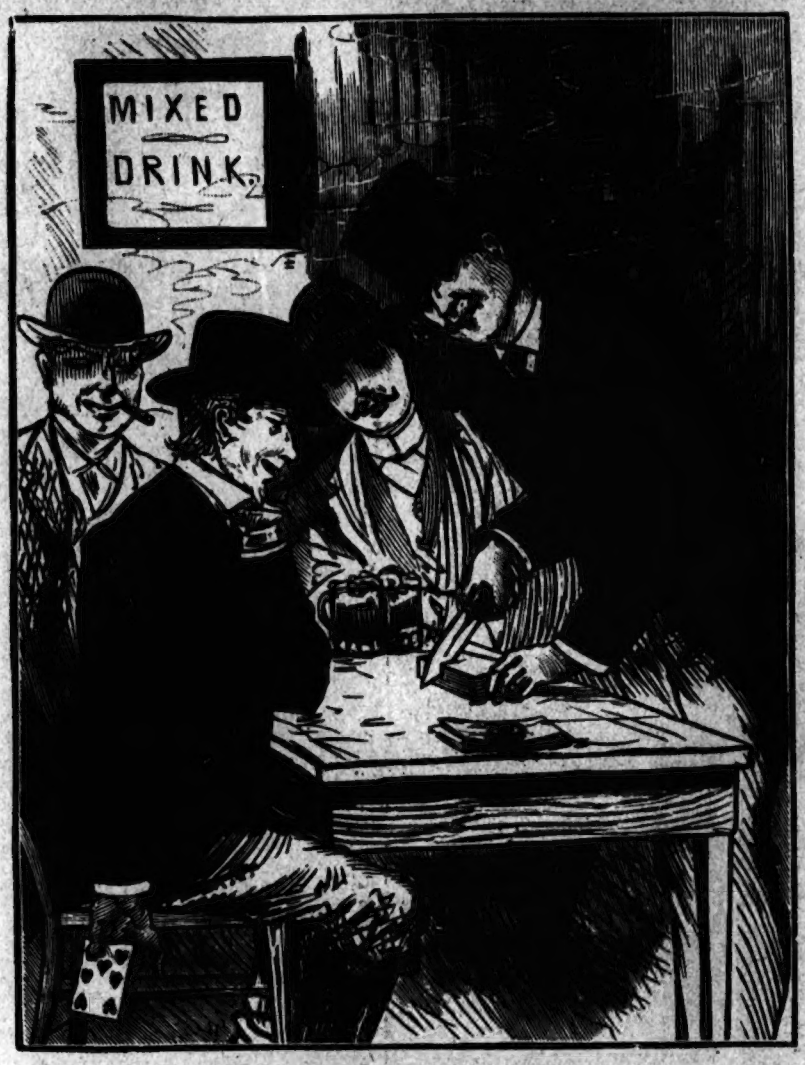
He: "What do you mean?"

She: "Why, they told me that after the dinner the other night you had to be carried home."

* * * *

"England is a very wet country," said the tourist.

"True enough," replied the man who had never been out of his native country. "I understand that the present reign began in 1837."



OUTWITTED BY A YANKEE.

How a Man About Town Got Caught at His Own Game.

OBJECTED TO CRUEL TREATMENT.

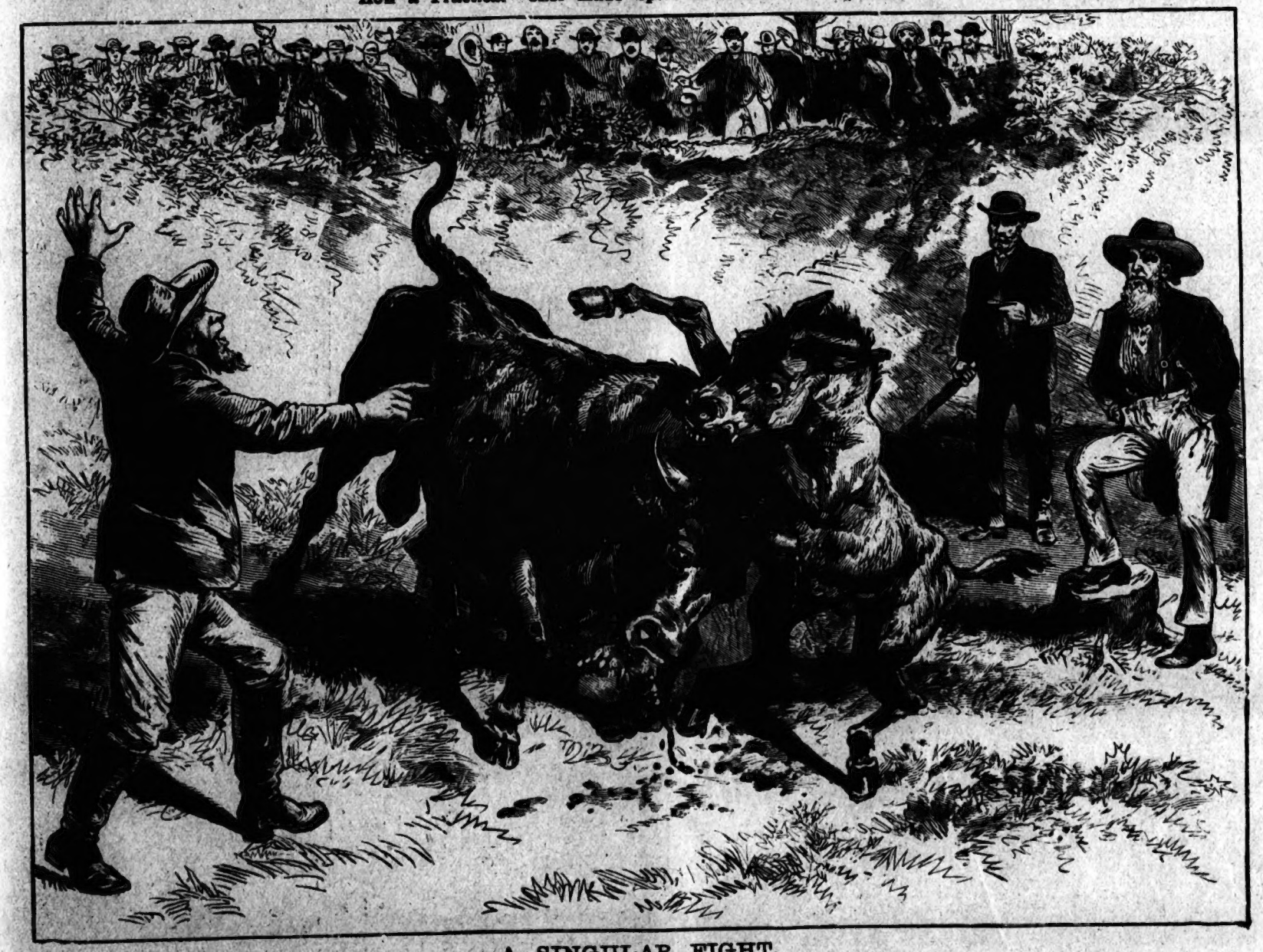
A French Girl Escapes from a House where She was Illtreated.

A SMOKING CONTEST.

Mexican Jose Forces Texas Jack to Quit After Smoking Fifty-Seven Cigars.

HE WANTED A DOG.

How a Practical Joker made Sport at a Friend's Expense.



A SINGULAR FIGHT.

A Bull finds His Master in a Mule.

TURF NOTES.

Epsom and Hurst Park.

What Will Win?

THE DERBY.

Grand Prize and The Oaks.

Predictions.

To-day will be productive of the time honoured event to which the sporting individual of every grade and nationality hope to pay tribute at least once in their lives, and the Briton, irrespective of the smallness of the field on this occasion, will endeavour, this afternoon, to be present to witness the triumph of another Derby winner. Whether it be Ladas or another it matters not, he will have been there to assist, and doubtless mark it the day in the calendar of his life; for to live and miss such a carnival may be said never to have lived at all. As a speculative medium, it is certainly out of the question; therefore the thousands who will be fortunate enough to assemble on the Downs will not be there in a pure gambling spirit, but for the purpose of enjoying and testifying to their love of the sport and cheer the great classic winner of '94.

There is an old adage which says, "The bigger the field the greater the certainty," but the paucity of numbers for this event makes it less likely to interfere, on this occasion with the chances possessed by the favourite; students of book form will find a difficulty in placing another forward whose claims can be considered anywhere approaching the great Ladas. Bullingdon's trial means naught, even if in giving weight to Grey Leg in their spin; the criterion of quality will be better understood by those who actually placed the saddle on his back previous to his gallops with his erstwhile stable-companion, Matchbox, and those connected with him, hope to repeat the successes of Ormonde, Shotover, and Bend Or; but such, I think, will not be the case, and between Bullingdon and Matchbox there should be little to choose. Hornbeam will give us a display of his staying qualities, and a shrewd division are nibbling at the long prices offered against the colt now. For those who like a long shot ample opportunity is afforded, and that he will run better than his market status indicates, I fully believe; as an outside place investment he should be kept on the safe side. Athlone, Galloping Dick, and Reminder can scarcely be expected to lower the champion's colours, and I fear their efforts will be fruitless. Those who will be called upon to make him gallop will have their work cut out on making the descent from Tattenham Corner; still, until won, there is that element of uncertainty about it which makes those who advocate the claims of their respective selections worthy of notice, and, although it appears to be all over "bar shouting," the hope is to see The Derby closely and gallantly contested, and not simmer to a simple parade it would appear on paper. The struggle for supremacy will be exciting enough should anything reach the neck of Ladas at the number board, and wild will be the shout if he is headed as they dash by the Stand for the post.

On Thursday, the Epsom Grand Prize Bullingdon, if reserved, should win; but the exertion of the previous day may affect his chance, and thus leave the event quite open; Sempronius and Simonburn will run well, and this race will decide which is the better of the second class lot. With many of the stables doubly represented a good muster may be looked for, and, for an off day, this should prove a good attraction. On Friday the ladies will be prominent in the various enclosures whilst the Grand Stand will be brightened by the tints and colours of the costumes worn by the fair sex; on the course the fillies will gracefully sweep by to gain the coveted trophy and honour of winning the Oaks. Amiable holds pride of place, but a goodly number should be there to do battle for this; those connected with Go Lightly expect her to finish in the first flight; that little Mecca is not out of it, is certain, for, if slightly improved, the more fancied Jocasta may be unable to turn the tables on her stable-companion. Venia and La Nievre, the latter, who always looks dangerous, may both go to the post; on the latest form, however, Amiable should be the best. The proverbial uncertainty of the sex may possibly furnish one of those surprises so frequent with their kind in nature, and should the rule hold good, it is invariably the favourite at starting that wins this race. Hurst Park, on Saturday, will close the week, the June Handicap being the principal event. Good fields should be the order of the day. Throughout the week the events that are set for decision may result as under:—

EPSOM.—WEDNESDAY.

The Derby—
Ladas.
Matchbox and Hornbeam places.
The Effingham Plate—
Miss Petty.
Maffio and Samarcand places.
The Stanley Stakes,
Brittles.
Whiston and Seaholm places.
The Caterham Plate,
Attar.
Bragget and La Sagesse places.

THURSDAY.

The Royal Stakes,
Flare Up.
Inferno and Maltravers places.
The Welter Plate,
Alfieri.
Sancho Panza and Dromonby places.
The Epsom Grand Prize,
Sempronius.
Simonburn and Marin places.
The Great Surrey Breeders' Foal Plate,
Curzon.
Prince Simon and Carrington places.
The Horsley Plate,
Fireworks.
Livonia and Exning Belle places.

FRIDAY.

The Oaks,
Amiable.
Go Lightly and Mecca places.
The Riddlesdown Plate,
Erin.
Donova and Sally Brass II. places.
The Acorn Stakes,
La Sagesse.
Laurinda and Pet of the Chase places.

HURST PARK.—SATURDAY.

The June Handicap,
Lovebird.
Egyptian and Vaulter places.
The Thames Welter Handicap,
Ejector.
Comic Opera and Aquatint places.
The Hampton Court Handicap,
Moonflower.
Tinkler and Prince of Poets places.
The Palace Selling Plate,
Four Crosses.
Devil's Dyke and Bolero places.
The Trial Plate,
Rivalry.
Raglan and Gleamaway places.

CHALK.

A SCOTCH LASSIE'S HORRIBLE DEATH.

The sequel to a terrible railway incident transpired at Glasgow, June 1. Then two railway cabin boys, named Gourley and Perrett, were remanded charged with attempting to assault a girl named Smith, thereby causing her to leap from a train. Daniel Rae, another cabin boy, said that when he entered the compartment two girls were cowering in a corner, the accused being in the opposite corner. Two miles from Glasgow the accused commenced to insult the girls, and attempted to assault them. The girls repeatedly appealed to the witness for protection, clutching hold of his arm. On approaching St. Enoch's station the door was opened, and in the scuffle Jessie Smith was pushed out on to the rails. Her dead body was afterwards found at the foot of a steep embankment. Both boys ran away when they knew what had happened, but were soon afterwards arrested.

A LOVER'S CRUEL CRIME.

A shocking and brutal murder was committed on the outskirts of Birmingham, June 1, Joseph Harvey, a painter, aged 25, and formerly in the army, has recently been living in a back street with a young woman of 23, named Mary Withey. He appears to have become jealous, and there have been frequent quarrels. A fortnight ago she left him on account of his brutal behaviour. On May 31 Harvey obtained a pistol, and announced his intention of shooting her. She was so horrified that she applied to the police for protection. Nothing occurred, and the girl, on June 1, went to her work at a brassfounder's. During the forenoon the man called upon her, and she left with him. He appears to have expressed sorrow at his conduct, and induced her to go for a walk with him to the sewage farm. He there pulled out a sharp knife, with which he stabbed her repeatedly in the head and breast, and when she fell kicked her till she was lifeless. He then went towards some men, told them what he had done, and allowed himself to be arrested. The woman was shockingly hacked.

"Is my article in the soup?" inquired the good-natured literateur.

"Not yet," replied the editor; "but I'm going to boil it down pretty soon."

MARIE HERMANN.

The curtain was drawn down upon the Grafton Street Tragedy at the Old Bailey, June 2, when Marie Hermann was found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to six years' penal servitude, for killing her old man Stephens.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

An important race was decided on June 2 at Moorfield Grounds, Halesworth, between E. Briggs, of Prestwich, and J. Fielden, of Bradford, Yorkshire, who ran 440 yards level for £50 a-side and the championship. The track was very heavy and betting ruled at 5 to 2 on Briggs. The Prestwich man was two yards in front entering the straight, but Fielden passed him, and won with the greatest of ease by 15 yards.

* * *

At a special meeting of the I.N.H.R. committee, held June 2 at Dublin, E. T. Harris, the well-known jockey, was warned off for his suspicious riding of Injunction at the Dundalk meeting last month.

* * *

The accounts under the receiving order made against the Right Hon. Francis Pelham-Clinton-Hope, commonly known as Lord Francis Hope, of Piccadilly and Deepdene, near Dorking, show gross liabilities £405,277, of which £218,529 is unsecured, and assets £194,042. The debtor, who came of age in 1887, is the brother of the Duke of Newcastle, and has a life interest in properties in Surrey, Gloucester, Warwickshire, and Ireland.

MRS. GORDON BAILLIE.

Mrs. Gordon Baillie, whose proper name is Annie Frost, of Dundee, was on June 2, at the Central Criminal Court in London, sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for defrauding tradesmen.

HE WEAKENED.

The woman glared at the man with the concentrated gaze of an enraged tigress.

The man in the bed would fain have drawn the covers over his head to escape her gaze, but he seemed paralysed.

"False one," she hissed, "you are concealing something from me."

Standing in the centre of the apartment in a Junoesque attitude, she seized his trousers by the fringed ends and shook them violently. Nothing fell from the pockets.

"False one!" she exclaimed again.

The trembling husband slowly arose. After the manner of one hypnotised he went to the clock, opened it, drew from its interior a few pieces of gold and some silver, handed them to the woman, and sneaked back to his couch.

"Thought I didn't know you had got a rise in your salary, did you?" said she.

He spake not a word.

"How's the college doing now?"

"Splendid!"

"Quite full?"

"I reckon so; boys got their monthly remittances last night."

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

Mrs. Baldwin: "Bridget, have you turned the gas on in my bedroom, as I told you?"

The New Domestic Jewel: "Yis, mum. Can't you shmell it?"

* * *

Elder Sister: "Ethel, don't lift your skirts so high. Don't you see all the men turn their heads?"

Ethel (savagely): "Well, you'll never turn any heads with yours."

* * *

One Friend: "I've got sad news for you, my boy. Your wife's mother is dead."

Other Friend: "I say, don't make me laugh. I've a crack in my lip."

* * *

"My dear," said the cannibal queen to the cannibal king, "how shall we have the missionary cooked?"

"I would prefer him roasted entire," replied his dusky majesty.

"But, my dear, consider our daughters, whom we have reared so carefully within the palace limits. The sight of such a dish would heighten the colour in their innocent cheeks."

"Well, then, fricassee him. You always were an awful prude."

* * *

"I'll give you a square meal," she said, "if you'll chop that wood. That's all I've got to say to you."

"Madame," said Meandering Mike, "are you makin' that proposition cos ye need the wood split, or out o' the kindness of yer heart?"

"Why—I ain't in any particular need of the wood."

"I suspected it from your manner, Madame, low ez I hev sunk, I am still too proud to accept charity."

And he stalked haughtily away.

* * *

"The world," remarked the tired and downtrodden toiler, "owes every man a living."

"I guess you are right," assented the voracious plutocrat, "and if you would like to have the debt collected I am ready to attend to the matter for about 90 per cent. commission."

* * *

"I want to take lessons in acting," said the young man.

"Very well," replied the professor; "pick out a pair of boxing-gloves, and we'll begin right now. Then you can take a few goes at the punching-bag and do a little work with the dumb-bells."

* * *

Ellen: "I bet you can't guess what Miss Smartleigh got engaged for?"

Maude: "Give it up. What for?"

Ellen: "She means to get married."

* * *

The Advanced Woman: "Frederick, I've resolved that the step I am about to take, although a little radical, is perfectly safe."

Her Husband: "What is it?"

The Advanced Woman: "I've resolved that all things considered, and for general convenience—"

Her Husband: "Well, what?"

The Advanced Woman: "It will be perfectly proper, and you won't abuse the privilege—"

Her Husband: "Wh—"

The Advanced Woman: "And so I'm going to let you carry a night key."

* * *

The Salesman (in the dry goods store): "Yes, this is a very pretty piece of goods, but, to be honest about it, I must tell you that it will not wash."

The Fair Purchaser: "Oh, that doesn't matter. I only want it for a bathing suit, anyway."

* * *

Here is an amusing story from the House of Commons smoking-room. It is recorded by the London correspondent of the *Manchester Courier*. An hon. gentleman of Australian origin had brought in some Australian friends, and all talked boastfully of the superiority of the Australians to the people of the Mother Country. They insisted on this superiority to such an irritating extent that at last a member representing a northern constituency was provoked into retort. "Well, said he, the Australians ought to be superior to us. Most of their ancestors were sent over by some of our very best judges."

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DERBY DAY.

INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT RACE.

(Illustrated with portrait of the Right Hon. Earl of Rosebery and John Watts, jockey.)

All England will turn out to-day to see the biggest horserace in the world decided. Barring accident, Ladas will win the coveted event, and will go down on racing books as one of the greatest racehorses ever bred. It is only the Derby that would induce countless thousands to journey to Epsom; and on the course may be seen people in all the different walks of life. It is nothing short of a glorious holiday which will be appreciated by all who can, by any means, attend the meeting.

Ladas is generally regarded as a sure winner, and on another page will be seen an excellent portrait of the Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery, owner of the favourite, and John Watts, who will use his every effort to bring Ladas to the finish an easy victor.

About the course each horse will have its following, starting with the jockey, who is the most important man of the day, and eager eyes will scan him with interest. Our illustration shows the jockey followed by the owner, trainer, "bookie," backer, the tart, the swell, and last, but not least, the ticket snatcher, who watches about to ferret out some mug whom he can deprive of a winning ticket. The general public think horses don't realise what they are called upon to do, but the majority of them are more intelligent than most of the people who follow the racecourse for a living. Just watch the horses after they have finished and turn into the paddock, and it's odds on perceiving

The Winner Laughing.

you might find many not possessing a good disposition, just like human beings, and they will slink off in a sulky way. You would naturally suppose that

The Horse is Broken-Hearted

over his defeat; and sure enough, too, because it will take a race or two to revive his courage, and a win will cause him to forget his past sorrows.

A Horse that Cries

over defeat is a poor piece of property at the best, and the only way to treat such an animal is to put him past all his sufferings, and where he will not be afforded an opportunity to cause the public to lose money on him in future events. It is any odds he is a coward, and quits trying just because some other animal has headed him up and gives him a stiff argument for the honours, while if he put on his full steam he might come out ahead.

A Horse that Studies

how he is going to win by systematic running occasionally gets there, but he is not so sure as the one who goes through with a determination not to be headed from the very start.

A Horse that Enjoys Life

is the one who races to keep up a sharp appetite, and knows just what hour he is due to get his oats. He's naturally lazy; but a lazy horse sometimes surprises his most sanguine admirers by waking up and rushing to the front like a demon. He will expect a little extra food for his effort, and then falls back into his sluggish ways once more.

The Swell Horse

likes to do a grand stand finish, and, when a winner, he is as proud as a peacock on prancing before the spectators.

Those who question what we say about the racehorse should make a study of the creatures before, during, and after a race, and they will find a great many capable of showing a grand trial, but quit dead in a race whilst others can run, but only do so when the whip is freely used.

OUTWITTED BY A YANKEE.

How a Man About Town Got Caught at His Own Game.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Just at the present time London is full of American visitors, and the sharpers keep active in search of schemes to get hold of the money of the strangers. At a swell place the other night, where a small party congregated, one of the sharpers laid a sovereign that he could take a deck of cards and cut the seven of hearts. The wager was accepted, and a deck of the pasteboards produced, but the cunning Yankee managed to extract the card from the pack. The sharper produced a knife and cut through the cards, at the same time remarking that he had won; but the "Yank" said he "guessed he'd take the money," because the seven of hearts wasn't in the pack at all. The boot pinched the wrong foot too hard to spring another sure thing, and the visitor was left severely alone.

CLEANED OUT THE GANG.

How a Desperado Reversed Matters on Some Bad Men.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"There is a general impression," writes a New York correspondent, "that the lawless frontiersman is a comparatively recent addition to our criminal classes. This is a mistake. Ever since we have had a frontier, so sparsely settled as to be practically out of the reach or control of officers of the law, we have had this element with us, but its types have varied with the improvement in firearms and the nation's general advance.

"It is a mistake to suppose that the lawless desperado is a peculiar product of the far West. He is found in greater numbers in the settled parts of the south and west than in the mining camps and pasture lands of the west. As a matter of fact we have no frontier at this time, and have had none since the transcontinental railroads brought the near East and the far West within six days of each other. The people of the southern mountains and of western Texas are not naturally more vicious than those of other parts of the country; but living in sparsely settled communities—where schoolhouses are impossible, where roads are ruts, where agriculture is practised in its most primitive forms, and where the word 'law' is an echo and its authority a shadow—men have kept up the barbarous custom of carrying firearms. There are parts of the South and Southwest to-day where men regard the knife and revolver as much articles of dress as their hats and boots—more so, indeed, for there are seasons when a man might travel with safety without boots, but he would hardly think it healthy to do so without his customary pistol.

"A quarter of a century ago, or immediately after the war, the western desperado, who was invariably a gambler, and at times a fighter, was, physically at least, a most picturesque character. William Hiscox, or 'Wild Bill,' as he delighted to be called, was a fine type of this class. While connected with the Government Survey in 1867, I met this man at Fort Riley, Kansas, where he was employed as an Indian scout. He was a most striking looking man, and at this time was about 27 years of age. He was dressed in a fanciful buckskin suit, with the regulation string edges, and was over six feet in height, straight as an Indian, with long, dark hair, dark eyes, and easy, tiger-like movement, which denoted great strength and activity. Wild Bill was regarded favourably by the officers of the fort, who believed him to be a brave, law-abiding citizen, but at the same time one of the best horsemen and rifle shots to be found along the frontier. Women, whisky, and faro proved the ruin of Wild Bill. He drifted out of the government service, became a gambler and a desperado, a 'bad western man' in fact, and died with his boots on in the Black Hills.

"It is a curious fact that we find more Irish, French, Germans, and even Englishmen, among this outlaw class than we do of Yankees. As might be expected, a majority of them come from the Southern and Western States, where from childhood they have been accustomed to carrying firearms, and whose early training made them more familiar with targets than with schoolbooks. In the early 70's there was no man better known in Texas and along the Rio Grande as far as Colorado than John Westley Harding. Harding was a native of Kentucky, and drifted to the Southwest while still a young man. A gambler by instinct, he became a murderer by profession. He killed men on the slightest provocation, and without any provocation at all in the most wanton and bloodthirsty way. Like most of his class, Harding was a coward at heart, and never drew his pistol on a man unless he had him at his mercy. Indictments for murder were out against him in all the counties of the frontier, and to escape he went to Florida. He was captured and taken to Comanche county, Tex., tried for murder, and sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary. Had he stolen twenty-three horses instead of killing twenty-three men the chances are that he would have been lynched before even brought to trial, but it must be remembered this was in Texas. Strange as it may seem, an effort is now being made to have this man pardoned, and it is said that if he is ever released he will 'get even' with the men who were active in his capture and trial.

"A new mining camp seems to have a peculiar attraction for men of this class. As soon as the discoveries at Creede, Colorado, were made known, the gamblers and desperadoes were in evidence quite as soon as the honest and industrious miner. It should be known that these gentry delight in the name of 'sports,' and have an antipathy to being called gamblers, while to intimate to one of them that he was a murderer would be sure to result in his killing the insulter to prove that he was not. Prominent among the desperadoes who flocked to Creede in its early days was a Kentuckian who in his own State bore the name of Charles L. Creek, but who owing to his having had his features badly carved up by a bowie knife and his nose slashed out of shape, came to be known as 'Broken Nose' Creek. Curiously enough, Kentuckey has furnished more of these outlaws than all of the other States put together. Creek served in the Union Army during the war, and unlike most of the men in his native State, was a rampant Republican. It seems to have been the rule in these new towns and mining camps to select for their marshal or chief of police a man who had already made a reputation as a killer. Before Creede was dreamed of Creek had qualified himself for the position of marshal by killing four men, in self-defence, he explained. The beginning made in civil life he kept bravely up as an official, and to him belongs the honour of having furnished the corpse to start the graveyard in the new city. After Creede became more law-abiding it needed a higher type of city officials: 'Broken Nose' Creek was elected out of office, and is reported to have been subsequently shot in a mining town on the Gunnison.

"I have said that the native-born Englishman took more naturally to the calling of 'bad man' than did the genuine Yankee. One of the most striking examples of this was Ben Thompson, an Englishman, who was brought out to Texas by his parents while he was yet a child. Thompson began his vicious career while still in his teens, and before he was thirty he had killed eighteen men, a record that warranted his being elected marshal of the capital city of Austin. Had Thompson been a native born Texan, with a lineage of frontier ancestors running back for many generations, he could not have shown more skill as a rider and a shot. He was one of the few men of this class who came nearer being devoid of physical fear than any I know of. On one occasion learning that a mob congregated in a certain establishment had sworn to kill him if ever he went into the place, he entered boldly alone. As soon as he reached the centre of the room several fired aimlessly in the air, whilst one levelled a rifle at his head. He wrested the rifle from the tough and levelling it at the others he drove the entire crowd out of the place, killing two as they were going through the doorway. It was the same desperate recklessnes that led him into a quarrel with the proprietor of a theatre in San Antonio. Thompson would have killed the theatrical manager had not a boy named Siny, who was his assistant, drawn his pistol, stepped between the two, and sent three bullets through the desperado's brain."

A SINGULAR FIGHT.

A Bull finds His Master in a Mule.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"A singular fight occurred on one of the stations," writes Queensland correspondent, "and proved to be a terrible affair to look at. It was between a mule and a bull, and people from the different stations mustered together to see what they termed sport. The contest occupied a considerable length of time, and was characterised by a fierceness seldom displayed by animals of a comparative degree of tameness. The bull routed about and frequently dug his horns into the mule's sides, but it only aggravated the mule into fighting all the harder. He bit the neck and fore quarters of the bull, and at times held on with the tenacity of a bull-dog; the bull stumbled over and was immediately grabbed by the throat. The mule appeared to realise that he had the upper hand of affairs, and held on till choked off by three of the spectators, who, tying a rope about the neck, fairly choked him to death. It was cruel, according to reports, to hear the way in which the bull raved and routed about, and the little episode cost the owners the loss of two animals which were worth considerable money."

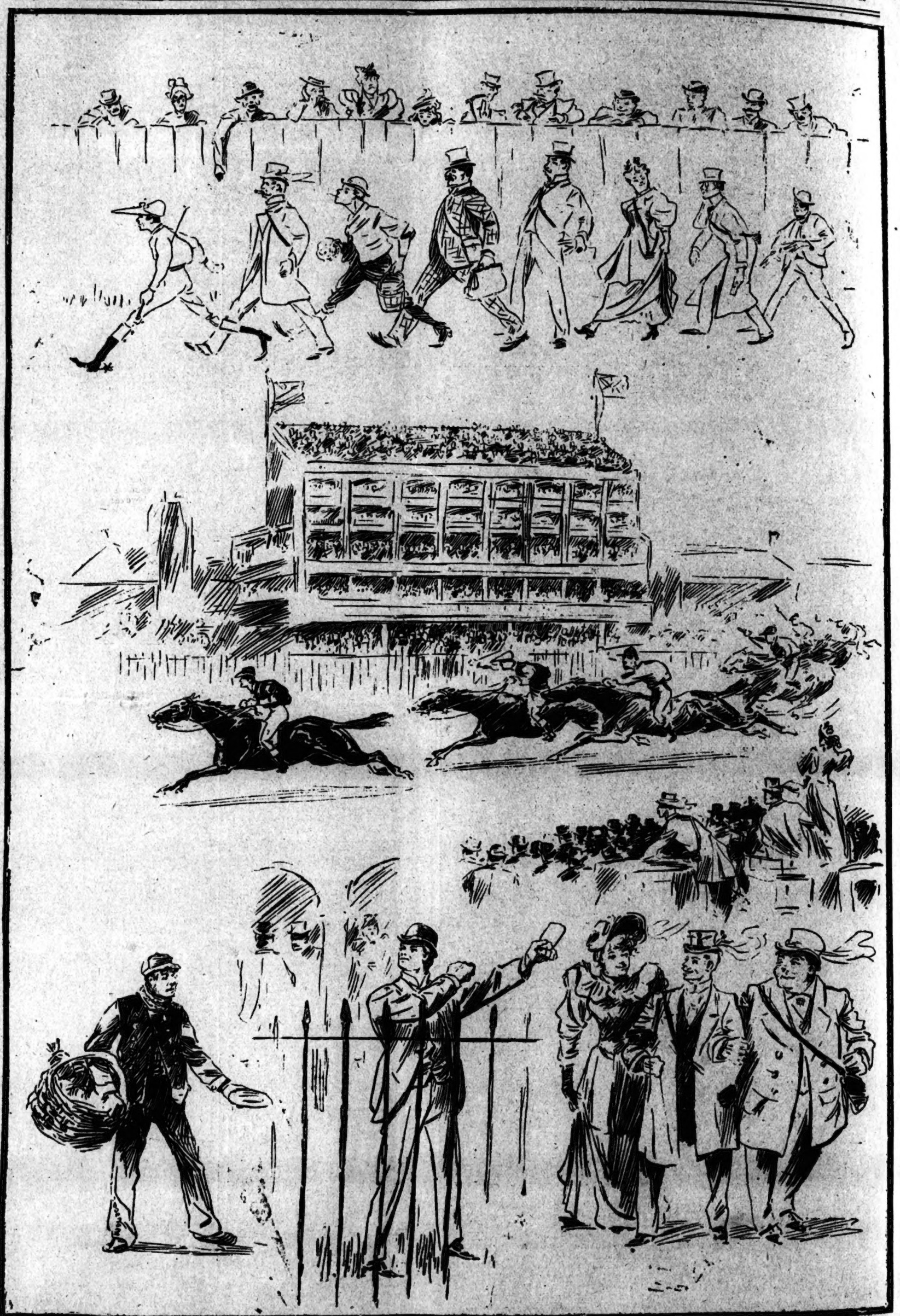
OBJECTED TO CRUEL TREATMENT.

A French Girl Escapes from a House where She was Ill-treated.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"French girls," writes a correspondent from the South of France, "possess too much spirit to tolerate ill-usage, and a fair sample of their pluck was shown the other evening. For some trivial error a young girl of a dozen years of age was stripped and severely chastised by her parents, and ordered to bed, but instead of complying with their demands, she escaped from the house in a semi-nude condition. Mounting a horse that was grazing in a field, she started the animal through the village at break-neck speed, pursued by a crowd of men who endeavoured to bring the animal to a halt. They were unsuccessful, however, and she managed to get clear of the town, and up to last reports she has not since been found, though a search of the surrounding district has been made.

"Give credit where credit is due."
But wouldn't this world cut a dash
If the fellows who've owed us
As long as they've "knowed" us,
Would only give cash—give cash!



DERBY DAY.

Incidents of the Great Race.

JACK WATTS.

Rider of Ladas.

LORD ROSEBERY.

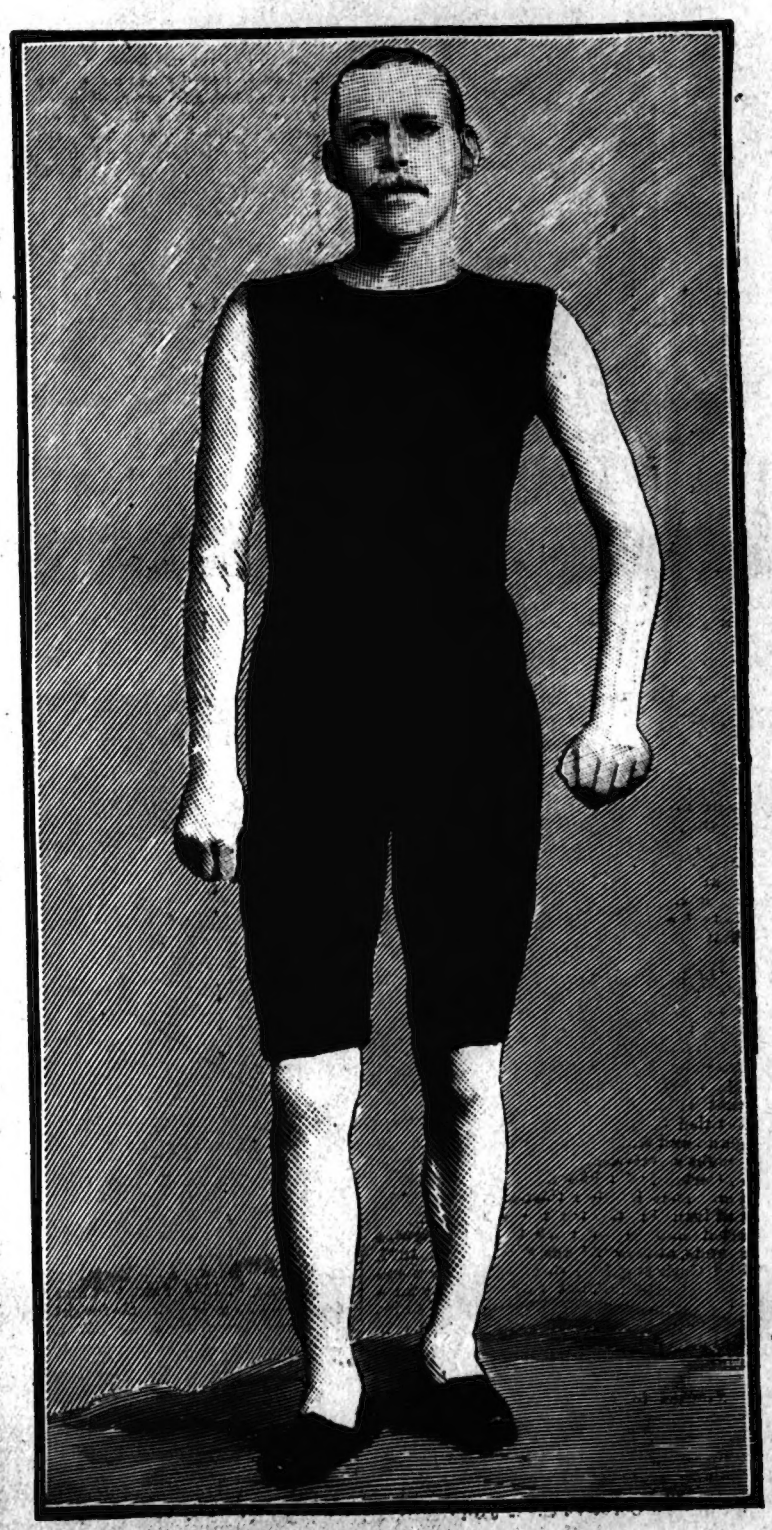
Prime Minister, Owner of Ladas.

BILL EYLES.

A Clever Islington Pugilist who can Fight at 8st 12lb.

GEORGE FRYER.

A Retired Nottingham Pugilist and Publican.



TOM BURROWS, OF NELSON.

A Lancashire Lad, Famous as a Sprinter and Jumper.

AROUND THE RING.

WILL THEY FIGHT?

The Championship Honours.

Corbett-Jackson Performances.

Two Old Veterans.

Fossey's Victory over Dean.

Barton's Scurrilous Correspondence.

Come forward, ye gladiators, and decide who is the champion of the world in the heavy-weight division. Between the pair—Corbett and Jackson—honours are evenly distributed, and again, at no stage of the game during the nineteenth century has two men been so close to the top of fistic fame and championship honours as they. The meeting would be productive of a heavy-weight wonder, and he would remain for many years in undisturbed possession of the honours. It might be well to glance over the form of Corbett and Jackson, and see how both have come by their positions in the pugilistic world. Five years ago heavy-weights were as plentiful in England, America, and Australia as flies around a barrel of treacle in summer-time. When the weeding-out process was inaugurated, the big 'uns fell thick and fast, so that to-day Corbett and Jackson remain alone in the field. One should be at the top, and the question now arises, which is best entitled to the premier position.

* * *

On September 7, 1876, Joe Goss, the Northampton cobbler, defeated Tom Allen, near Covington, Kentucky, on a foul, in twenty-seven rounds, for the heavy-weight championship of America. He maintained his title till June 1, 1880, when, at Collier's Station, West Virginia, he lost the honours to Paddy Ryan in eighty-seven rounds of milling. Paddy was a poor apology of a champion, a fact demonstrated by

John L. Sullivan

in nine rounds, when they milled at Mississippi City, Miss., February 7, 1882. In 1887 Jake Kilrain could get nothing better than a draw with Jem Smith for the English championship, after milling 106 rounds, on December 19, in France. On March 10 of the following year, at Chantilly, John L. Sullivan was content with a draw in his meeting with Charley Mitchell, after thirty-nine rounds had been fought. Kilrain and Sullivan both returned to the States, when, at Richburg, Miss., July 8, 1889, Sullivan disposed of Jake in seventy-five rounds. November 11 of the same year Peter Jackson beat Smith in two rounds, and the following month Smith fought a fourteen-round draw with Paddy Slavin.

* * *

On public form this would make the black better than Slavin, Smith, or Kilrain. June 16, 1890, Slavin done to Kilrain in nine rounds, more damage than Sullivan could do in seventy-five rounds. May 3, 1892, Peter Jackson whipped Slavin in ten rounds, so that he was, by that victory and the one over Smith, entitled to championship honours of England and Australia. In the meantime he fought a sixty-one round draw with James J. Corbett, who had beaten Jake Kilrain, too. That left but Corbett, Jackson and Sullivan in the front ranks. John L. cried enough to Corbett in twenty-one rounds, at New Orleans, September 7, 1892, and Corbett gained thereby the American championship. That Corbett is by far a better man than Sullivan ever dared to be, was best proven by the easy manner in which Corbett beat Mitchell, in three rounds at Jacksonville last January.

* * *

Jackson fought Corbett when the other prominent heavy-weights ignored him because he lacked reputation. Sullivan, under the pretence of refusing to meet a "nigger," was afraid to face Peter, so that the black man practically opened up the avenue for Corbett's battle with Sullivan. Now Corbett and Jackson have beaten all heavy-weight aspirants in three countries, and it therefore behoves both men to decide their unfinished battle. Since the draw the black has undoubtedly been retrogressive, whilst Corbett has developed into a much improved man. On general principles the latter should win, but who knows how much Peter may have been holding up his sleeve in his earlier battles?

* * *

Corbett and Jackson both mean fight, but to all appearances they are

Held Back by their Managers,

so as not to interfere with future theatrical engagements. The plan may be a wise one, but if either or both are brimful of confidence, they should, for their own satisfaction, cast off the shackles and accept the National Sporting Club purse of £3,000. The winner would be regarded as the greatest heavy-weight that ever "pulled a shirt," and in a twelvemonth he could make a fortune exhibiting, whilst the losing man could also find profitable engagements in the theatrical line, too.

* * *

If the men want a 24ft ring they can have it. The best tapestry carpet would be placed upon the floor, and if they fought in cold weather, and desired heat in the building, the heat would be forthcoming, too. Who could reasonably decline such luxuries and still profess to be a pugilist? In the early part of the nineteenth century it was fight in the open, and if it was to be a match in a room, then some of the sporting houses would space off a ring just to oblige the noble followers of the game, who in those days were the ones catered to, instead of the fighter. Tom Cribb had many a battle decided at his place in Oxenden Street, Haymarket, and in the latter part of the eighteenth century Bill Warr conducted fights there. Bob Gregson opened the Castle Tavern in Holborn in 1809, and at that place a man's appetite for fight could always be satisfied.

* * *

Jack Randall had the Hole-in-the-Wall, Chancery Lane, for City sports, whilst Harry Holt's place in Cross Street catered to those in Long Acre. Shilton's Adam and Eve, Jewin Street, Cripplegate, supplied many a battle, as did Bill Wendy's, the George, in Smithfield. Close to him Cy. Davis kept the Bear and Staff tap, whilst Harry Harmer presided over the Plough within hailing distance of the George. Islington sports were well cared for by Gun, the popper, at his tap. Ben Burn kept the Sun moving on Little Windmill Street, and Bill Eales kept on Upper James Street, Manchester Square. At any of those resorts a fight would be arranged and decided the same night, and newspaper warfare was out of the question.

* * *

After the first half of the nineteenth century had passed by, fighting simmered down to a lower level, and it was nothing short of a battle on the turf that would attract general attention.

Bob Brittle,

who was born at Portobello, near Edinburgh, in 1834, fought at 10st 4lb, but he took on all weights. He fought Malpas an eighty-round draw, for £50 a-side, at Defford Common, Worcestershire, February 14, 1854; beaten by Jack Jones; beat Roger Coyne, £50, forty-nine rounds, 48min, Coombe, Warwickshire, November 20, 1855; beat Sam Simmonds, £400, thirteen rounds, 16min, near Didcot, June 3, 1856; beat Job Copley, £200, forty-seven rounds, 1h 30m, Shell Haven, August 4, 1857; fought Bob Travers, £100 a-side, forty-two rounds, 1h 5m, Appledore, January 26, 1858, police interfered. The following day at Shell Haven, he got the award over Travers, after hundred rounds, in 2h 5min; beat Jem Mace, £200, two rounds, 3min, banks of Medway, September 21, 1858; beaten by Tom Sayers; beaten by Jem Mace; fought Jack Rooke, £400, and a bet of £300 even, twenty-one rounds, 1½h, December 31, 1861, when police interfered; again met, January 1, 1862, when three rounds were fought in 17min, and the police appeared. Brittle sprained his ankle, and the fight was not resumed till March 11, 1862, when four rounds, occupying 1h 40min, were fought, and as neither displayed a disposition to settle matters, a draw was declared.

Dan Collins

was a good man at 10st, but a defeat at the hands of Ned Donnelly and Tom Sayers kept him from attaining any great amount of notoriety. He made a draw with Baker, for £40, August 26, 1851; beat Baker, £50, five rounds, 13min, Long Reach, November 11, 1851; beat Patsey Daly, £30 to £25, sixty-four rounds, 1h 45min, Long Reach, September 23, 1856.

* * *

Brittle settled down at Birmingham, keeping the White Lion pub. at Digbeth. By his good conduct he gained a high reputation and had a prosperous business. He was not blamed for the way in which his battle with Rooke terminated, and even the friends of the latter gave him great credit for the manner in which he saved the stake money, because in his injured condition Rooke must have won had Jack displayed a disposition to force the fighting.

* * *

At the National Sporting Club May 28 an extended programme was given. It provided for a twenty-round contest between Jumbo Fossey, of Hammersmith, and Dick Dean, of Notting Hill, for £40; a twelve-round bout between Bill Butler and Ben Cooper for a purse, and an 8st 6lb competition confined to novices.

Ted Ware, Jim Snelling, D. Lear, and G. Parfitt boxed their way into the second series of trial bouts in the competition, which finally simmered down to Lear and Snelling for the final. Both worked in an awkward fashion. Lear, doing the cleanest hitting, got the verdict at the end of three scrambling rounds.

Butler and Cooper were introduced to box a dozen rounds, limited to two minutes each and one minute time. Butler displayed the best form, and soon took a lead over his opponent. Despite this, Cooper kept pegging away, but when half the allotted rounds had been contested Butler was well in front. The seventh bout saw Cooper to more advantage. Cooper's good showing, however, was but temporary, as in the next round Butler again got the upper hand, and giving his rival no rest he added rapidly to his lead, which he maintained to the end, and he was declared the winner.

Considerable interest was evinced in the Fossey-Dean contest, because of the feeling of rivalry that existed. Dean showed the best and cleanest work in the opening round and was content at jobbing his opponent on the nose. When they came together for the second round Fossey got in his right, but it was too high to have the desired effect. Dean kept his left active, and losing control of his guard he got a right-hander on the jaw that sent him flat on his back. For a time he was wholly unaware of his whereabouts, and when the ten seconds had expired he still lie prone upon his back, and Fossey was hailed the victor.

* * *

A few years ago we looked upon the pugilist as an uncouth piece of humanity, and the more ignorance he could display the more he was thought of as a fighting man. The public conveyed the impression that it was about as safe to approach a wild beast as it would be to converse with a man who followed the prize ring as a profession, and that element were studiously avoided. The abolition of ring contests in the open gradually brought the game to a higher level, so that the more intelligence a boxer of the present day can display the more he is thought of, and, instead of being shunned, the gentry cater to them to a certain extent. Occasionally we hear of a fighter making an ass of himself by practising upon some harmless citizen, or else making use of language wholly unfit for human kind to listen to.

* * *

Darkey Barton rather forgot himself when he indited too vulgar letters to Harry Spurden, the 9st champion, and when they meet in the ring we trust that Spurden will give him a good trouncing for the language he made use of. Spurden was stopping in Cambridge, and imagine his surprise, on entering the King's Arms the other day, at being handed a letter from Barton, which said: "Spurden, come up, you old b——, at the *S. Life* office at once and bring your box with you, as you know I will knock you into a—— or cold meat. Good old England.—Darkey Barton."

Spurden wrote to his backer requesting him to arrange a match at once, but as Mr. Williams had not received the letter for several days, Barton thought he would hasten matters, so he indited the following on a postal:—"My 25 quids lying at the *S. Life* office. Come up and I will make cold meat of you.—Darkey Barton."

* * *

That settled it, because Spurden went at once to Newmarket and waited about there for two days to see his financial friend, and the result was that Spurden and Barton signed articles to fight at catch-weights the latter part of June for £50 a-side, open to £100 a-side and an added purse. It is Spurden who wants the stakes raised to £100, and is not averse to making it £200, or more, a-side; so if Barton is so sure of making cold meat of Spurden he can win much more money than he imagines.

* * *

George Dixon's manager is extremely fond of a good thing, and don't relish the idea of having his man bite off a mouthful which he can't comfortably swallow. He consented to have Dixon fight Young Griffo, the Australian, fifteen rounds, at the Casino building in Boston, U.S.A., June 29. A licence was granted, and it looked like a fight when the Dixon end gracefully flunked out. Griffo has beaten or bested all the little 'uns in the States excepting Dixon and Billy Plimmer. Dixon's manager was none too easy as to how his man would finish, and drew out. Plimmer wants Dixon to meet him on June 29, and consents to a wager of £1,000 that he makes the African take a back seat.

* * *

Dick Burge appears to be scoring a success on the stage. He has an excellent troupe of specialty performers, and big houses appear to be in order each evening.

* * *

Jack Gover took a benefit at North Middlesex Hall, Upper Edmonton, May 28. The principal event was announced as an eight-round battle between Alf Hay, of Edmonton, and W. Wright, of Wood Green. The last-named was floored in the second round, and in the third round he tried hard to shift the advantage to his credit, but his efforts proved to be futile, because in the fourth round Hay slammed him all about the ring, and forced him to turn up the job.

* * *

Charley Smith, an East End lad, is eager for a fight and defies any lad in England to take him on at 7st 2lb for a purse.

* * *

Pat Kelly, of Wednesbury, and Jack Brierly, of Liverpool, will hold a twenty-round argument with their hands encased in 4oz "pillows," at Sheffield, Monday, July 16, when the winner will receive a £50 stake and the big end of the gate receipts for his trouble.

* * *

A lad must certainly fancy his ability when he consents to concede 4lb in weight to one of the top men in his class. Such, however, is the temerity of Alf Gower, the 7st 8lb champion, who challenges George Corfield to meet him in a twenty round contest at 7st 12lb, for £100 a-side and the championship honours at that weight. Gower is a clever lad, and would, no doubt, keep Corfield a "guessing" for the twenty rounds, but he is foolish to undertake a match with a lad who is so much heavier than he.

* * *

Peter Maher, of Dublin, met George Godfrey, a coloured heavy-weight, in a fifteen round glove contest at the Casino, Boston, U.S.A., May 28, for the gate receipts. The match was rather warmly contested for six rounds, when the son of Erin knocked the "gemman" of colour out time.

* * *

Bill Jenner, a Homerton scrapper, got the decision over F. M'Carthy, of Hackney, in a six-round contest at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, May 26.

* * *

Dick Hoox gave purses for a series of glove contests at the Lambeth School of Arms, May 26 and 28. The only decisive bout brought off on the first night was between Jem Bartlett and Bill Nelson, who were to go eight rounds. They fought in a hurrican fashion, Bartlett knocking his adversary over twice, and eventually securing the decision.

The principal event on the second night was to be one of twenty rounds for a stake of £20 and a purse, between Mick

Tobin and J. Poole, who fought at catch-weights. Tobin mixed matters up from the outset, and at once gained a decided advantage. Poole tried hard to reverse the outlook, but in this he failed, and believing his chances of finishing the required number of rounds were gradually diminishing, he held out his hand in the sixth round as a signal of defeat. Ben Braidwood set out to go eight rounds with H. Cambridge, but the great he received in the first three rounds was sufficient for his constitution, so he gracefully withdrew in favour of Cambridge.

* * *

Pedlar Palmer and Bill Mostimer are to fight twenty rounds, at 7st 8lb, for a stake of £20 and a purse given by the National Sporting Club the latter part of June.

* * *

Billy Plimmer, the clever Birmingham featherweight, is to box eight rounds with Tommy Connelly, ex-amateur champion feather-weight of America, at Boston, on June 18. The men are restricted to 8st 6lb each in weight.

* * *

At the Bermondsey School-of-Arms, on May 26, Joe Wheeler stopped Joe Ricards in the fourth round of an eight-round contest; whilst Tom O'Shea stayed with Bill Hackett up to the middle of the eighth round, when he cried quits. The final of a 6st 6lb competition was decided, Tom Hackett boxing Ben Lawrence to a stand-still in the middle of the third round.

* * *

Con Donovan conducted a series of contests in private May 31. In a six-round battle Alf Holden disposed of Patsy Powell, whilst in eight rounds George Smith failed to hold his own with Con Barrett. The principal event was announced as a twenty-round go between Bert Smith and Ginger Price. For six rounds the milling was pretty even, but in the seventh price forced the pace, and soon had Smith in distress. Smith was floored in the middle of the round, and when in the act of rising Price dealt him a blow which lost him the fight on a foul.

* * *

At the Percy Cottage, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on May 30, P. Malloy and J. Rawlins engaged to go ten rounds for a purse. They went at each other in a most determined manner, and in the third round Malloy was receiver of a right-hander on the neck which incapacitated him from continuing the battle.

* * *

Tommy Ryan, a clever 140lb pugilist, took all the fight out of Jack Falvey in less than three rounds, at Hartford, U.S.A., on May 22, for a purse. They were to have boxed ten rounds. Falvey was beaten by Abbott last winter.

* * *

Jack Burke, brother of Dave Burke, met Owen Sullivan, of Australia, in a glove-fight at Johannesburg, South Africa, May 12. Sullivan handled his adversary pretty much as he chose, and in the sixth round he knocked Burke out of time.

GEORGE FRYER.

A Retired Nottingham Pugilist and Publican.

(With Portrait.)

The sporting men will regret to learn that George Fryer is not enjoying the best of health, and his many admirers are a trifle worried lest his illness will attain a more serious aspect. No man ever became so popular with the Nottingham sporting men as Fryer, and he is highly respected by all who know him. George was born in the lace town, October 20, 1860, and is therefore thirty-four years old. He stands 5ft 8½in in height, and was one of the finest made men in England. Fryer received his first lessons in the noble art from the late John Godding (better known as "Fatty") a few years ago, since which time he has held his own with the best men in England, and has proved himself one of the most finished boxers since the days of "Bendigo." Fryer has consequently never lacked backers, the principal one being his friend and fellow townsman, Mr. Wm. Hulse, Dog and Bear, Bridlesmith Gate, of sporting renown. In 1885 George, in conjunction with Springall, of London, the 11st champion, sailed for America, where a match was made for him to fight George Rooke, whom he defeated in 70sec. He next met Jake Kilrain, whom he really beat in the fourth round, but the battle was declared drawn. He then fought a draw with Alf Greenfield, of Birmingham, then in America, one of the cleverest boxers in the kingdom, and finished up by vanquishing Charles Lange, of Ohio. At this time a challenge was issued for Fryer to fight any man in America for 1,000dols; but it not being accepted, he returned to Old England, having an unbeaten record, and took the Gladstone Hotel, Carrington, but has now removed to more extensive premises as boniface of the Crown and Anchor, Sneinton Street, Nottingham.

Blotter: "You're like wine, Miss Thortywun."

Miss T. (sweetly): "Why, how am I like wine, Mr. Blotter?"

B.: "You seem to improve with age."

The silence that followed was awful.

AMERICAN GENERAL ARRESTED.

General Hewetson.

While passing through Gray's Inn Road, on May 30, came in contact with three street musicians, and, by accident, he happened to touch a harp carried by one of the men. He was savagely accosted by one of the party, who threatened personal violence on the American general, at the same moment raising the stool he was carrying, as if he meant to put his threat into execution. It was one of those three-legged folding camp-stools, and made a formidable weapon. The general at once raised his umbrella in defence, and replying, "You do!" to the man's threatening attitude, made a thrust forward straight from over his shoulder, just, the bystanders say, in the manner of the military head sword thrust. By the most unfortunate mischance the end of the umbrella entered the musician's left eye. No other words were spoken; no other blow was struck. The General walked on, but was stopped by a man named Ben Bowring, as the musician screamed with pain, and reeling fell to the ground, bleeding profusely. A constable arrested the American, and the wounded man was taken to the Royal Free Hospital. There Dr. Berry examined the wound and found that it was necessary to remove the eye. The operation was immediately performed, but after lingering for hours in agony the unfortunate man died. His name was George Bruton. He was a married man, and lived at 7, Victoria Street, Barnsbury. The general, who was arrested and taken to King's Cross Police Station, is a short, stout, elderly gentleman, who has been staying at the First Avenue Hotel for some three months past. He has several influential acquaintances in town, and appears to be well known. He is described as a most quiet, inoffensive old fellow, quick tempered, but not irascible. The greatest sympathy has been expressed with him in the unfortunate position into which he has brought himself. He was put into the dock at Clerkenwell, May 31, and after evidence was heard General Hewetson was remanded for a week, bail being accepted for £400.

STAGE TALK.

Nat C. Goodwin, the famous American comedian, is in London. His trip here is merely one of pleasure, and, after a month's sojourn, he will return to New York City to prepare for his next season's tour.

* * *

Eddie Foy, an American comedian, is doing London preparatory to a visit to the Continent.

* * *

Mrs. Barrington Bott, a member of the Terriss travelling theatrical company, met with a shocking death at Spalding yesterday afternoon. She travelled by road with the other members of the company from Crowland, and in getting off the conveyance her dress caught, and she fell violently to the ground, dying shortly afterwards. The company were announced to give performances at Spalding, and Mrs. Bott was to have taken part in them. She was thirty-nine years of age, and had only been with the company a fortnight.

* * *

Bicycles are greatly in use in Paris. A theatre manager has announced that playgoers arriving at his house "on bicycle" can have their wheels taken care of free of charge.

They were two fishermen of the purely sportsmanlike type. As they were making their way to the scene of their hopes they met a boy, a small boy, with a carelessly trimmed branch from a tree thrown over his shoulder. In one hand he had a tin can and about the branch was festooned a fishing line.

"Hello, my boy," exclaimed one of the visitors; "going fishing?"

The lad surveyed with envious eyes their neat costumes, the handsome poles furnished with shining reels, and all the rest of their equipment, and replied with a sigh:

"Nope. I ain't goin'-fishin'. I'm jes goin' down ter ketch some fish."

COMMON GOSSIP.

St. Petersburg is probably the only city in the world where from year to year the death-rate exceeds the birth-rate. In the 125 years ending 1888 there were 1,539,000 births and 1,772,000.

* * *

A cab, shaped like a bath tub, in which the passengers either sit or recline, as if in bed, is in use in Berlin. It has three wheels, and is propelled by a naphtha motor.

* * *

The City man Turnpenny pleaded guilty to administering noxious drugs to a girl, and was sentenced to three years' penal servitude. Mr. Justice Wills said it was one of the worst cases he had ever heard of.

* * *

A Greek gentleman at Monte Carlo, who had been playing for high stakes at the Casino, was suddenly taken ill on May 29, while sitting at one of the tables, and was taken to the doctor's room, where, notwithstanding every attention, he expired in ten minutes' time.

* * *

The jury found Frank Smith, the Fulham clerk, guilty, but in insane at the time he fired three revolver shots at his uncle in his house in Verona Place. Happily the bullets missed their mark. Mr. Justice Wills made the usual order for Smith's detention.

* * *

At Wilts Assizes, Charles William Collins, thirty-four, labourer, was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, by Mr. Justice Lawrence, for maliciously placing a packer's lever on the Great Western Railway at Christian Malford, near Swindon, by which the night express was nearly wrecked.

* * *

Judge Sutherland, the partner of John Y. M'Kane, of Gravesend, U.S.A., has been sentenced to two years and eight months' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of 500 dollars for his share in the election frauds in that district. He made a full confession in regard to the stuffed ballot boxes, and said that half the Gravesend votes last autumn were fraudulent.

* * *

The train conveying the remains of the Spanish bull-fighter Espartero, who was killed in the arena at Madrid, arrived at Seville May 30th. All the shops were closed out of respect to the memory of the deceased, who was a native of Seville, and the crowd which assembled on the route followed by the cortége from the railway station numbered more than 50,000 persons.

* * *

Mr. Delos Gold, a journalist, and Mr. John Crowley, a lawyer of Boston, fought a duel with swords near that city on May 28. The quarrel arose out of the lawyer's treatment of a female friend of the journalist while she was under examination in the witness-box during a trial. The lawyer got the worst of the encounter, being badly wounded.

* * *

"Guilty" was the verdict of the jury at the Central Criminal Court in the case of Thomas Wells, who was charged with the manslaughter of Lucy Huckinson, with whom he had been living at Deptford. Cries were heard in the house, and the woman died soon afterwards. He said they were only "larking," but the Recorder sent him to prison for six months with hard labour.

* * *

John Maurice Jones, a youth of 18, was sentenced at Montgomery Assizes to five years' penal servitude for grievously wounding a servant girl in December last. The prisoner and the prosecutrix were servants at the same farmhouse near Llanfyllin, and upon the latter threatening to inform upon the prisoner, who had previously stolen some money from his master, he picked up an axe and struck her violently with it upon the head.

* * *

Serious disturbances have occurred at Bestao, in the Province of Biscaya, owing to a dispute between the clergy and a number of Freethinking workmen. The latter attempted to give a deceased comrade a civil funeral, but the priests attempted to prevent the ceremony, going to the graveside crucifix in hand, and forbidding the burial. A violent scuffle ensued between the clericals and the Freethinkers, and, although order was eventually restored, the tension created by the affair between the working classes and the authorities tends to aggravate the ill-feeling and excitement already created by the strike among the railway men.

* * *

The Miners' Union at Cripple Creek, Colorado, have appointed a committee to confer with the mine owners. They stated, however, beforehand that all men employed in the mines must be unionists, or must agree to join the union within a month. The owners said that they would never consent to this demand. The miners' representatives answered, "Those are our conditions; that or nothing." The conference then terminated.

A telegram from Philadelphia states that the bituminous coal operators have decided immediately to procure new hands and to work the mines even if each worker should require the protection of a deputy-sheriff. The leaders of the strikers declare the inability of the operators to work the mines with new hands.

At Springfield, Illinois, the miners and the operators held a conference for the purpose of settling the strike in the Illinois coalfields.

* * *

An extraordinary case of *séquestration* has just been brought to light near Paris. Some days ago a strange story reached the local gendarmerie to the effect that an inhabitant of a neighbouring village had kept his wife in close confinement for the past ten years. The police officials repaired to the house of the accused man to investigate the matter, and searched the premises. The examination of the abode led to the discovery of a room the door of which was locked. Bursting the bolts, the gendarmes entered the apartment, and perceived a female figure, emaciated and worn to the bone, lying half-naked on the floor. It transpires that the man had—as the current rumour had it—kept his wife shut up in the room for the past ten years, her daily supply of bread and water being just sufficient to keep the unfortunate woman alive. The unnatural husband and his servant, who is charged with having been an accomplice in her mistress' *séquestration*, have both been taken into custody. They allege as their excuse that their victim was insane.

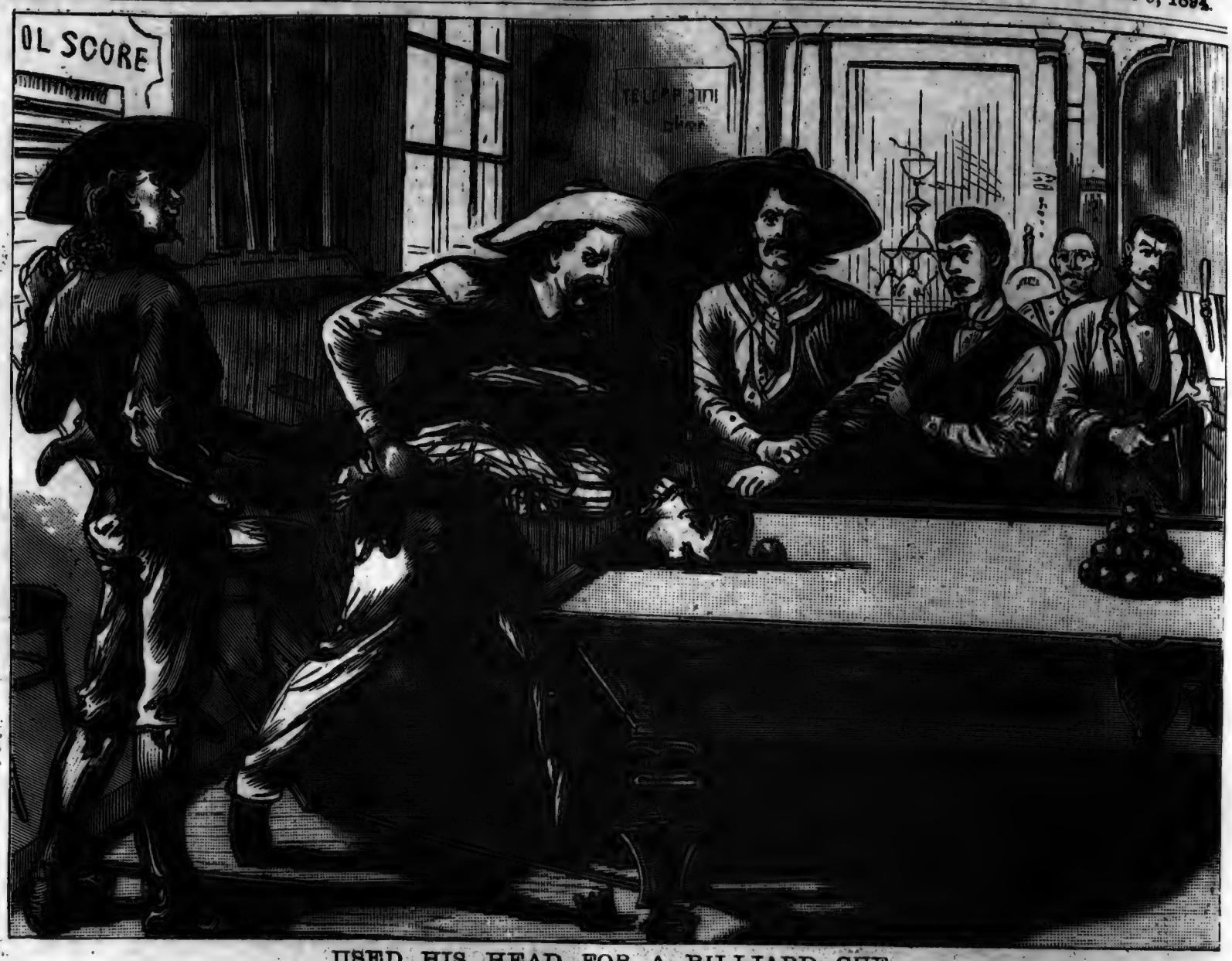
* * *

In the Court of Session at Edinburgh, on May 30, a decree of divorce was granted in the action by Mr. James Robert James Grant, of Glenmoriston, Inverness, against his wife and Francis George Viscount Baring, with expenses against the Viscount. Mr. Grant was examined, and told a pitiful tale of misplaced confidence and conjugal infidelity. Last year he, the Viscount, his wife, and his wife's sister, were staying in various places in Italy. Several times he remonstrated with his wife regarding her conduct with Viscount Baring, and at last a scene occurred between the three at the Royal Hotel, Rome. He went out, and on his return found a letter from Mrs. Grant, stating that she had gone to live with Baring. He found them at the Hotel Continental, and tried to persuade her to come back, but ineffectually. Her sister also endeavoured to bring her back, and went with the recalcitrant pair to Florence, where, after a fortnight, she gave over all hope, and abandoned them to their own devices. Other witnesses told how the Viscount and Mrs. Grant had been staying as man and wife at several continental hotels.

* * *

The last game of the match for the World's Championship and 2,000dols a side was concluded in favour of Lasker at Montreal, Canada, on May 26. The conditions of the match were, the winner of the first ten games to be the victor, and the final score gave Lasker 10, Steinitz 5, and drawn 4 games. A few remarks upon the previous doings of the contestants may be interesting. Emanuel Lasker was born in the neighbourhood of Berlin 26 years since, and has reached the front rank of masters with almost unexampled rapidity. He first played in public in the Amsterdam Tournament of 1889, winning five games and losing one. He also took part with great success in the tourneys at Berlin, 1890; Graz, 1890; and London, 1892; but in the New York Tournament of 1893 he excelled all his previous performance with the score of 13 wins, no losses, no draws. Amongst his opponents in single matches, all of which he won, are included Bird, at Liverpool, seven wins, two losses, three drawn; again with the same player, at Newcastle, 1892, five wins, no losses; with Blackburne in London, 1892, six wins, no losses, no draws; and with Showalter, U.S.A., 1893, six wins, two losses, one draw; finally with W. Steinitz, for the championship, with the result before-mentioned.

William Steinitz was born at Prague, Bohemia, in 1836. He is now, therefore, fifty-eight years old, an age which in so exacting a game as chess places him at a manifest disadvantage in comparison with his conqueror. Steinitz has, until the late match, held the chess sceptre for more than twenty years, and has vanquished in set matches such masters as Andersen, Bird, Blackburne, Gunsberg, Tchigorin, and Zukertort. Most of the games have been extremely interesting, and the late champion may well be proud of the determined resistance he made.



USED HIS HEAD FOR A BILLIARD CUE.

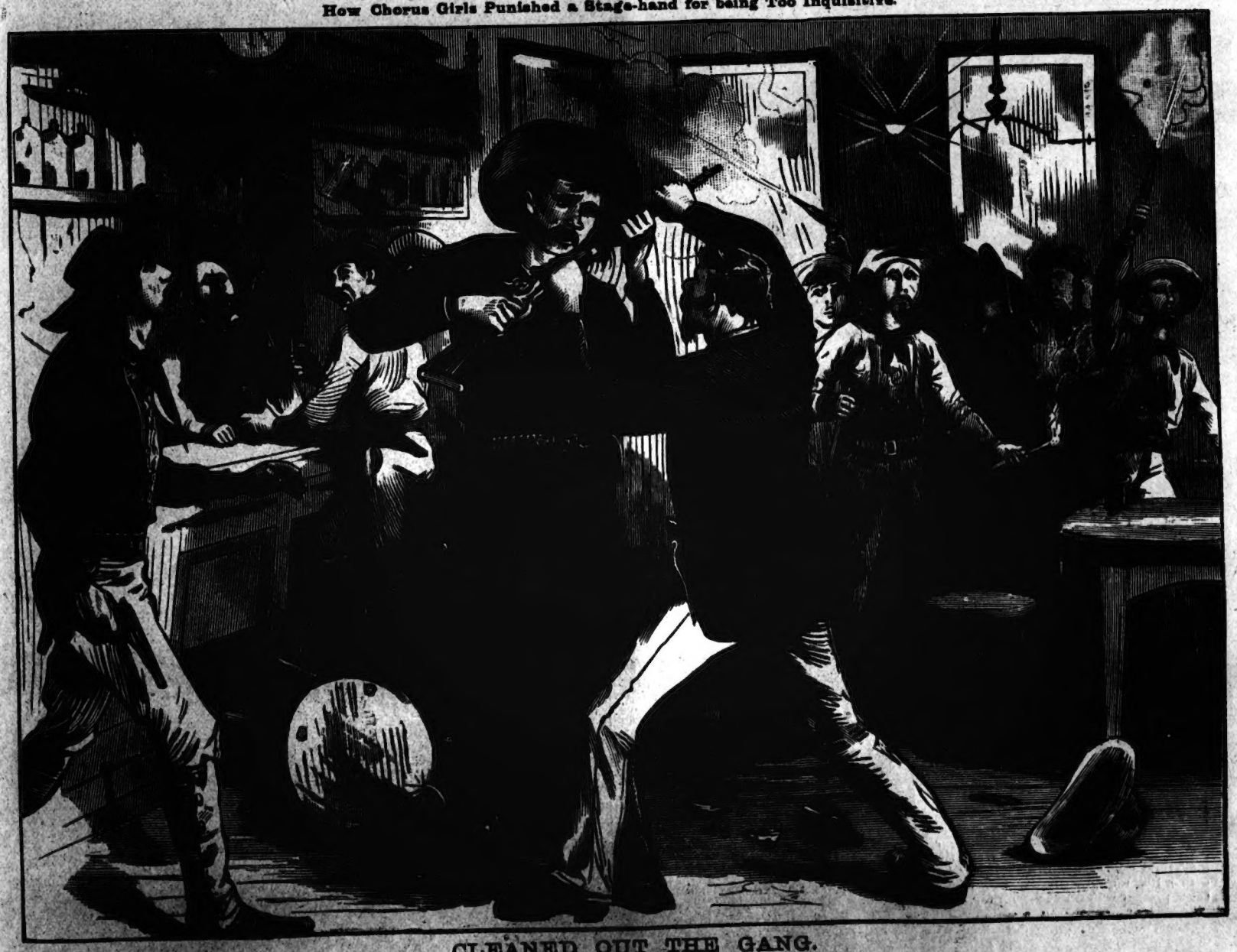
Pool Played with a Man for a Playing Stick.

DEFENDED HER CHARACTER.

How an Australian Girl Thrashed a Scandalmonger.

PEEPING TOM TROUNCED.

How Chorus Girls Punished a Stage-hand for being Too Inquisitive.



CLEANED OUT THE GANG.

How a Desperado Reversed Matters on Some Bad Men.

SPORTING ANECDOTES.

An Extraordinary Horse-Leap.—On a wager, an officer of the 3rd Regiment of Dragoons essayed to produce a horse that would carry its rider over a 6ft wall; it was accomplished Friday, March 18, 1821, at Inchinnan, near Renfrew, Scotland. The horse cleared his leap in an easy and gallant style, carrying a dragoon of 12st. Considerable money changed ownership over the result, and great interest was excited in the lower parts of Scotland. A much superior feat was once performed by a nobleman, who lost his eyesight in consequence of repeating a leap much more eminent, where the ground on the other side lay 3ft lower than the "take off."

* * *

Mendoza's School of Boxing.—In the City Road, in a building adjoining the old Eagle Tavern, Dan Mendoza, the Jew, kept rooms where he gave instructions in boxing. The following is a facsimile of the sign he had outside of the door.

> The Art of Self Defence
> Taught Here by the Original
> DAN MENDOZA,
> Who First Reduced Boxing to
> a Science.

* * *

Who did Gladstone Whip?—Some ten years ago a party of sports in Birmingham were discussing the relative merits of the various pugilists, and when the subject was exhausted one of them commenced to eulogise the late Prime Minister, W. E. Gladstone, as a most remarkable man. Several others sung his praise to such an extent that a fighter, overhearing the conversation, stepped in and said: "'Ere, who is this joker you talk so much about? 'e can't fight; who did he ever whip?"

* * *

The Jockey, Sold his Wife.—On Tuesday, April 11, 1821, a horse jockey sold his wife in the market place of Tunbridge, Kent, for eighteenpence and a pot of beer. She was a good-looking young woman, and was disposed of at her own request. At the close of the bargain she expressed satisfaction at having got rid of an evil disposed rascal, as her husband had been to her, and believed her new connection would produce more happiness.

* * *

Stick to Him as Long as He Had Money.—A good story is told of a certain "Bookie" who was in the habit of giving an occasional banquet at his hotel. The "boys" would flock about the festive board, and after a champagne supper speeches were in order. One of the hard faces was asked for a few remarks. He delivered himself thus: "Mr. —— is my friend, your friend, and everybody's friend. He is a cove as helped me many a time. We were always pals, weren't we, old lad? He can always count on me, the old toff, and I'll stick to him as long as he has a bob." The speechmaker evidently intended to say he would stick even if his old pal was broke, and the company accepted such as his meaning. After speeches the host generally cried out: "Lads, I tries to use yu all good. The same butcher as serves me serves the Queen. Well, that don't pay the butcher's bill; so lads, come up with a half-a-quid a time." The most of those present would make good, too.

Knew How to Work a Mug.—There are some sporting characters who profess to be adept at mug-catching, and pride themselves on their ability. We know of a certain fighter who had a habit of securing a mug to back him for an occasional off-hand scrap in private with the saw 'uns. He has been beaten a dozen times in that way, but those battles never figured in his published record. After the mug put down his "pieces," then his protégé would make a brilliant show, but invariably lost on a foul, and the spoils were divided. He knew how to work a mug, because he had one for half a dozen take-downs. The modern pug handles a mug in a different fashion. We hope a certain one don't read this, because it will certainly stare him to thinking. He posted £25 forfeit a short time since in support of a challenge, the receipt being made out in the name of the fighter's pal, who, the day following, drew down the cash, and split with the fighter. The mug believes the forfeit is still on deposit, and it will be some little time before he finds out to the contrary, because fighter and pal keep saying, "Leave the money up for a fortnight more."

* * *

Slept with one Eye Open.—Jimmy, better known as one-eyed Connelly, is a noted character in the United States. He was born in London, but went to the States fifteen years ago. When he first struck Boston, Connelly dropped into a resort kept by Jim Keenan. The key to the saloon had been thrown away, so the doors were never sealed up week in and week out. Late at night the tough element went there to get an hour's sleep in a chair or on a beer barrel. Connelly struck the place one night and was in luck to get possession of a roost. He had on a watch and chain, the chain being exposed to view. Placing the chair against the wall, Connelly sat down and was soon in a sound slumber. Two of the hangers-on, of the artful dodger order, surveyed Connelly from head to feet, and every time either approached the sleeper to gain possession of the watch, he percieved the open eye, and slunk off. The pair watched for several hours for that eye to close, but to no avail. Finally Connelly awoke, stretched his arms at full length, threw out his chest, gaped, and then dug out the glass eye to wipe it off. This he set it back in his head, all in full view of the pair who intended robbing the sleeper. It was more than they could stand, and one broke out as follows:—"Blim'me, Bill, did you see that bloke cop out his blooming eye." "Yes, it's made of blarsted crockeryware, and he was sleeping, and we were two blooming idiots not to know it." Connelly was ever after referred to by the tough element as "crockery eye."

* * *

The Snob and the Parson.—A parson riding to church one Sunday morning was overtook by a snob with a pair of boots under his arm. "Hoa, your servant," said the snob. "Where are you going with those boots?" ask the parson. "Next door to your shop of work," replied the snob, adding, "Wnll ye please take the boots home to ——?" The parson laid them across his horse's neck, and demanded what was to be done if they turned out a misfit. "Why then, Measter Parson, you maun bring 'um back again!"

Miss (in tunnel): "Oi say, Pat, phot toime is it up thayre?"

Pat: "Same toime as it is down thayre, ye fool!"

HONEST SPORTS.

John J. Ryan.

John J. Ryan and Joe Wright, the American scullers, are in strict training at Kingston for the Henley Regatta, which occurs in July. Ryan is concluded to be the fastest amateur sculler ever produced in America. He first came into prominence by winning the junior single event in the Canadian Rowing Association's regatta at Hamilton in 1885 from a large field in the fast time (for dead water) of 10min 13 sec.

At Lachine, in 1886, he won the senior singles in the Canadian Association Regatta in 8min 52sec.

His next appearance was at Ottawa in 1887, and, although a large entry list had been received, he frightened off his competitors, rowing over the course alone.

He again raced in the Toronto regatta in 1888, winning in 10min 4sec.

At Lachine, in 1890, he won the singles in 9min 42sec. He also rowed bow oar in the Toronto four of that year, which was stroked by Wright, his present partner.

In 1891 he again rowed in the singles at Barrie, Ont., but was beaten by Henderson of the Catlin Boat Club of Chicago, in a close and exciting contest. His next race was at Toronto, the same year, when he was beaten by Hedley, of the Vespers, of Philadelphia.

He beat Hedley, Champion Caffrey, and other good men at the national regatta at Saratoga in 1892, when he won the championship of America in 10min 24sec. He then represented the Sunnyside Boat Club, of Toronto.

Last year he won the title again at the national regatta, held at Detroit, Mich., in 10min 24½sec.

He was amateur champion of Canada in 1886, 1887, 1888, and 1890, and of America in 1892 and 1893, which is a wonderful record, surpassing that of anyone. He will be the third American to try for the Diamond Sculls at Henley. Ryan tried to enter last year, but on account of the English definition of an amateur was prevented. His status having been decided satisfactorily, he is eligible this year.

* * *

They have just found a swimmer in Australia who has aroused the interest of all sportsmen who make swimming something more than a pastime. Nobody seems to know exactly how the new man, Gormly, swims, though the Australian papers which are at hand devote columns of description to his style, having got to the point of illustrating his method. Even experts here and abroad are unable to fathom the peculiarities of his stroke, which has reduced all the notable swimmers in Australia and New Zealand to despair. It should be said, by the way, that the swimmers of that part of the world are men of extraordinary swiftness, endurance, and power. Gormly does not pretend to train for his races, but makes it a point to spend six or eight hours every day in the water. His stroke is now being copied by a number of professional and amateur swimmers of the Antipodes. He swims, according to the description, with his right arm perfectly straight—that is, it makes a long, slow sweep from the shoulders downward and backward as he lies on his right side. But the real stroke which sends him through the water at a rate which amazes his competitors is what is described as "the corkscrew motion of the left leg, which is drawn up and out of the water, so as to be almost completely in view, and is then pushed under the water and thrust backward with a corkscrew motion, which sends the body along at a remarkable rate of speed." This is the most succinct explanation which has yet been given of Gormly's method of swimming. He is going to the United States shortly, so when the camera fiends get at him the public will know all about the "corkscrew motion" which he uses. Incidentally his style of swimming casts a bitter reflection upon the frog, which has heretofore sustained an unquestioned eminence as the model for champion swimmers.

General Owen Williams announces that he has been informed by Mr. M'Fadyean, of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, who undertook to elucidate the cause of the sudden death of Pensioner, that after investigation he has discovered an irritant oil in the stomach, but that the nature of the oil is as yet undetermined. It is now certain, says the General, that the horse was poisoned.

* * *

Charles Absolon, the veteran cricketer, attained his seventy-seventh birthday May 29. Born at Wallingford, 1817, he is still hale and hearty, and is this season playing with great success, his bowling being really wonderful. Last season he scored over 500 runs, and took 309 wickets.

* * *

Playing for the Addison Ladies' Cricket Club v. Miss B. Bell's XI., at Bedford Park on May 26, Miss A. von Schneidau took eight wickets for 20 run, and was also selfish enough to secure 32 (not out) out of 45 runs from the bat her side scored.

* * *

Fred Finlay, who rode Red Ensign in the Manchester Cup, has been presented by two friends with a valuable centre-second stop gold watch. On the back is engraved his monogram and "Red Ensign, Manchester, 1894."

* * *

The final heat of the single scull race in the regatta, held at Austin, Texas, was decided, May 17. The race was terrific, Gaudaur and Peterson both hustling for first place, though Durnan pushed them hard for honours on the first dash out of the box.

Gaudaur turned the even mile and a half flag and started back down the course like mad. He led slightly on the down course, though Peterson pushed him hard. Gaudaur shot over the home line into safety only four feet in the lead of Peterson, making the race in 19.01 1-2, thereby breaking his record of 19.06 of last year, which broke the world's record. Peterson made the run in 19.02 1-4, which beat the time of Gaudaur last year.

Gaudaur acknowledges that he was never pushed as hard in a race in his life. The results of the other events were: Professional Half-mile Dash (one turn; purse 200 dols; entries—Durnan, Rogers, Parker, Hosmer, and Plaisted).—Rogers, first; Durnan, second; Plaisted, third. Time, 4min 32sec. A foul was claimed by Durnan, but it was not allowed. Consolation Race (three miles, for non-winners).—E. Durnan, first.

* * *

A New York telegram says: "It is announced that a representative team of Yale University athletes has been organised, and will leave here early in June for the purpose of engaging in a series of competitions with the picked men of Oxford University. Jumping, running, and other track events will constitute the programme, and as Yale unquestionably holds the premier place in athletics generally among the chief seats of learning in this country, and some really remarkable performances stand to the credit of the University, it is not unnatural that the Yale men should feel confident of returning with their records substantially improved."

* * *

Peter Moss, of 256, Camberwell Road called at The Mirror of Life offices on June 1 and took exceptions to the talk James Rymer, of the Mile End, has been making regarding the exclusion of foreigners in the championship shaving competition, and also to his persistent goadings to Wick and Lloyd. "You can say for me," says Moss, "that Rymer is talking through his hat when he wants to bar foreigners. He need not go hunting for Wick, because I'm good enough to beat him. When he talks about foreigners, let me say that it is the foreigners who know how to shave a man, and that is the reason they command the best trade. Rymer may be all right at scraping faces, but that ain't shaving by any means. I don't count Wick any class at all, and as for Lloyd, he's out of the question altogether. I'm after Rymer now, and want him to meet me in a match single-handed. I want to show him what shaving means. Nobody paid any attention to the records these men have made because there was no interest in the business, but now they can't get up a side street and then come forth with a record and have it allowed. I'll have Rymer in private for honour, or I'll go him for a trophy just as he chooses. I'm not looking for notoriety, neither do I seek the losing end of a gate-money show. I want to show some of them that I'm good enough to win. Englishmen could never produce a hollow-ground razor till the foreigner showed them how to do the business; and good evidence that foreigners are the best tonsorial artists, when I can quote shops employing foreign talent, running half a dozen chairs, and close by an Englishman finds it hard work to keep one chair going. Let Rymer give me fair notice and I'll meet him and show him what good shaving means."

* * *

James Rymer has really got Wick and Lloyd imbued so thoroughly in his mind that he don't appear to regard any other aspirant to honours as rapid shaving. It

is true that both Wick and Lloyd positively agreed to meet him in a contest after they had concluded their Aquarium farce last winter, but both have since ignored his challenges. If Rymer and Moss agree to engage in a single-handed match, THE MIRROR OF LIFE will give a trophy to be presented to the winner. It is our desire to get the question settled in a satisfactory manner, and every effort will be made by us to produce this result. It is a moral certainty that Lloyd don't care to take on Rymer, and the dilatory actions of Wick is a sufficient guarantee that he don't relish a contest where there is a possible chance for his meeting with a reverse. Let Moss and Rymer settle their differences, and it will be Wick who will chase after the winner in hopes of getting recognition.

* * *

THE Bury authorities don't take kindly to those who enjoy a cocking main, and when sports are unfortunate enough to run foul of the law they are not treated in a kindly fashion. At the Bury Police-court the other day before the Mayor (Councillor Ashworth), Alderman Brierley, Dr. Fletcher, Messrs. R. Peers, J. Burrow, G. Horridge, and C. Farrer, William Roberts, tailor, 33, Union Square, was summoned for unlawfully using a certain room at 33, Union Square, for the purpose of cock-fighting, on May 16; Micah Yates, Bury; John Percival, Hollinwood; James Hayward, Bury; Robinson Kay, Bury; H. Foley, Bury; H. Cooper, Royton; William Kirkham, Oldham; Abraham Whitehead, Oldham; Robert Rigg, Littleborough; Thomas Dyson, Shaw; Phineas Bell, Norden; Robert Hume, Lees, Oldham; James Street, Daubhill, Bolton; George Greenwood, Colne; and Abraham Milnes, Newhey, Rochdale, were summoned for encouraging and assisting at the said cock fight. After a prolonged and tedious trial Roberts was fined 40s. and costs, in default one month's imprisonment, and the other defendants 20s. and costs each, in default fourteen days' imprisonment. The main was gotten up for the edification of the sports, who should certainly contribute sufficient to defray the expenses of Mr. Roberts' fine and counsel fees.

* * *

TED HARDY, one of the most popular of Battersea sports, died recently. He was superintendent in the L.C. and D. Railway shops at Battersea, and was ever ready to assist anything appertaining to sport along. He made a book on the races in a moderate way.

* * *

THE Ladies' Golf Championship for England was played at Littlestone-on-Sea, Kent, June 1, and was won by Lady Margaret Scott.

* * *

CON BRYAN, the veteran Shadwell sculler, died June 1, through breaking a blood-vessel. He had been ailing for some years past, but latterly had seemed fairly well, and on May 31 went to bed in unusually good health and spirits. He was forty-six years of age, and leaves a widow and five children. He rowed John Higgins, Anthony Strong, George Farryer, J. Cannon (of Kingston), Watkins, and many others. Since his retirement from sculling he had been the promoter of the Grand Thames Stevedores' Regatta.

* * *

A new York daily says: "Zimmerman has been made a hero of in France in a way that has made him feel that his step from the amateur into the professional ranks was wise. The crowds cheer him when he enters a theatre, and when Corbett ran over from London to Paris he found that a prize pugilist was not in the same category with a champion bicyclist in the estimation of the Parisians. Bicycling in France has become a veritable passion with the people. Women of the highest social standing are enthusiastic riders, and bicycle clubs dot the big French metropolis everywhere. The park in the morning is alive with women in stunning costumes, and many of the men who formerly made it a point to show themselves only on mettlesome horses have given way to the prevailing craze. There is no sparring in France, as that sport is looked upon as brutal and absurd. All the efforts to induce Frenchmen to take it up have failed. Hence the lionising of Zimmerman and the indifference to Corbett. Frank Ives, the billiard player, is now the recognised champion in France, and he and Zimmerman are close companions."

SEEN AND HEARD.

HORACE GREEN, a labourer, and Henry Gallelly, a seaman from H.M.S. *Pembroke*, lodged together at Lancaster Road, Notting Hill. Green stole £6 from the sailor, and was sent to gaol for six months with hard labour at the West London Court.

* * *

A TRAGIC affair has occurred at one of the best hotels in St. Petersburg, where a young lady shot her lover dead and then wounded herself mortally with the same weapon. The motive of the act is attributed to jealously.

INCIDENTS OF FOX HUNTING.

The Duke of Beaufort's Hounds Capture Reynard in a Cradle in a Cottage at Castle Coombe.

(Subject of Illustration.)

FOX-HUNTING to-day and fox-hunting of thirty years ago are entirely different kinds of sport. His Grace the Duke of Beaufort was a sportsman who enjoyed foxchasing, and in the sixties he was the most prominent in the kingdom at the game. He had an excellent pack of hounds, and in one chase of many miles the fox sought refuge in a cottage at Castle Coombe, and jumped into an empty cradle; little time was given Reynard, however, in this retreat, because the hounds bounded into the room, seized the victim and dragged him from his retreat. The lady of the house was in the same room, and fortunately had her child in her arms when the fox entered.

Nowadays the sport is not up to much. Take some of the riders and he will easily clear locked gates, but the horse remains on the opposite side. Destruction frequently lies in his path, but the most damage is done to any thing the amateur horseman runs into. It is ludicrous when the fox refuses to be chased, and stands still to be kicked along. Farmers are not infatuated with having a parcel of horsemen plough through tilled land, and though he may threaten to shoot the intruders, it is only in hopes of being well paid for the damage done. It is highly amusing to see the farm hands drive the sports into a ditch for an involuntary bath, and about the only exciting part of the sport is when they accidentally fall against an enraged bull, and are hunted. Then it is the hunters hunted. The fox is too cunning, in many cases, to run, and only laughs at the anisebag. The best of our fox-hunting days have passed, and well they might be, too.

A TAME CROCODILE FOR A PET.

How a Siren of the Footlights Amuses Herself off the Stage.

(Subject of Illustration.)

MANY of the footlight favourites have a hobby of some kind, and many run to a pet dog. We understand, however, that an artist who holds a position in the front ranks of the profession boasts of the possession of a tame crocodile. She procured the animal in Florida several years, and in rearing it she gradually taught it to follow her about at the direction of a whip. When she snaps the whip the crocodile will show its teeth, but makes no move toward biting. The siren gave a private exhibition the other day to the members of the company, which she plays a leading part in, and her control over the animal surprised all who witnessed the performance.

TOM BURROWS, OF NELSON.

A Lancashire Lad, Famous as a Sprinter and Jumper.

(With Portrait.)

TOM BURROWS was born at Nelson, Lancashire, on September 19, 1863, and began his career as an athlete in 1880. Jumping was his favourite sport when he first took to field sports, and during the past fourteen years he has scored the following wins:—Beat Gall, at Thornley, for £15 a-side; beat W. Mutch, at Rochdale, for £25 a-side, at a running two hops and a jump, clearing 49ft 6in on the first trial; beat George Hall, Oldham, £25 a-side, at a running eight hops and a jump, covering a distance of 142ft; beat C. J. Sullivan, Worcester, Mass., U.S.A., £50 a-side, at a running hop, stride, and jump, clearing 48ft 8in on the first trial. He next met Joe Darby in a match, Darby to be conceded 9ft allowance and do seven standing jumps, whilst Burrows done a running six hops and a jump Darby cleared, with handicap allowance, 35yds 4in, and Burrows but 33yds 2ft 10½in. The match was for £100.

At spriuting Burrows has finished first in a Sheffield and also a Manchester Handicap. He won a £10 handicap at Burnley; £10 handicap at Nelson; £35 handicap at Manchester; £45 handicap at Philadelphia, U.S.A.; £45 handicap at Bolton; besides the £100 Sheffield and Manchester Handicaps.

Burrows' performances, which hold as the best on record, are as follows:—

Running hop stride and jump: 48ft 8in, Worcester, U.S.A., Oct. 18, 1884.

Run, two hops and jump, 49ft 6in, Manchester, June 9, 1882.

Run, six hops and a jump: 101ft 10½in, Manchester, July 2, 1887. Run, eight hops and jump: 40yds 2ft, Oldham, Dec. 22, 1883.

Burrows was a competitor, with success, for five seasons in the open jumping and running competitions at the various games held in the United States.

He is a straightforward young man, and refuses no reasonable offer of a match. At the present time he is residing at Syden, his native town.

HE WANTED A DOG.

How a Practical Joker made Sport at a Friend's Expense.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A GOOD story is told on a well-known banker, who was in search of a dog. He expressed his desire at a club one night, and his friend, being a practical joker, caused to be inserted an advertisement in a paper for an animal, the applicant to apply at the banker's office at noontime. When the hour arrived the offices were besieged with dog-fanciers' lads and costers, each bringing an animal. The banker was ignorant of the cause of such a crowd calling upon him, until one of the enraged applicants showed him the paper. More doubtful bred dogs invaded his office inside of an hour than was ever corralled in one place at any time, and so persistent were the callers that a suspension of business for the day was necessary.

BILL EYLES.

A Clever Islington Pugilist who can Fight at 8st 12lb.

(With Portrait.)

BILL EYLES, the Islington lad, has attained considerable notoriety because of his recent success in glove contests. He was born at Battersea, January 5, 1874, stands 5ft 6½in, and can train down to 8st 12lb. When he took to boxing, some four years ago, he met with poor success, but he soon gained experience, and developed into a punishing hitter.

His first essay was in a 9st competition at Leeds, when J. Fitzgibbons defeated Eyles. He was beaten by F. Ganister at the Pelican Club, and subsequently fell before H. Wood in the final bout of a 9st competition at Edmonton. C. Tilley, T. Anderson, and A. Wilkinson got a decision our Bill in competitions, and then he started the tide flowing in his direction first by beating F. Ganister, in six rounds, at Milton Hall, and in a second meeting at Harpers's Eyles was returned a winner over Ganister in eight rounds. Ten rounds proved sufficient for J. Fitzgibbons, who fell before Eyles, who beat Bill Stevens, four rounds; J. Bullion, six rounds; Bert Manners, four rounds; J. Appleby, three rounds; J. Firmin, six rounds, at the National Sporting Club, and in ten rounds at New Cross. Was runner up to J. Hulls in a 9st competition; won first in a 9st competition; beat Bill Van, of Leicester, six rounds; beat J. Telfer, two rounds; won a 9st 7lb competition at the National Sporting Club, beating A. Callan in the final; beat H. Woods, eight rounds; beat C. Tilley, twenty rounds; beat J. Farley, thirteen rounds; and in three successive meetings he won in six, eight, and ten rounds, respectively; beat J. Batty, twice, in eight and eleven rounds, respectively.

Eyles in second meetings with those who beat him, when a novice, reversed matters. He is rather awkward in his style of fighting, but manages to land a left hand which is pretty sure to bring down any one it lands on. Being but twenty years of age, he has a brilliant future before him, and will no doubt work his way to the front ranks in his class.

DEFENDED HER CHARACTER.

How an Australian Girl Thrashed a Scandalmonger.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"WE had a rare turn up here the other day," writes a correspondent from Newcastle, N.S.W. "At our club we have a visitor who is always prepared to cast reflections on the character of the women with whom he is acquainted, but he finally hit the wrong party recently. In boasting of his perfidy he brought up the name of an estimable young lady in excellent social standing. The young lady, on learning of the insinuations, started on the warpath. She procured a horse whip, and, entering the club rooms, ferretted out the scandalmonger, whom she flogged beautifully. He tried hard to rise from the chair at the card table, but she held him there till he had received a good flogging, and then forced him to get on his knees and apologise for the filthy manner in which he had slandered her.

JOHN H. DUFFY,

A Sparrer who is Celebrated in New Orleans as a Referee of Fights.

(With Portrait.)

JOHN H. DUFFY probably attained his greatest fame by refereeing the Corbett and Sullivan fight in New Orleans. He was for many years the principal instructor in sparring in New Orleans, and when the Olympic Club was organised, Professor Duffy was one of the prime movers in the affair. He framed many of their meetings, and was the means of bringing some of the best boxing talent in the world to the Crescent City.

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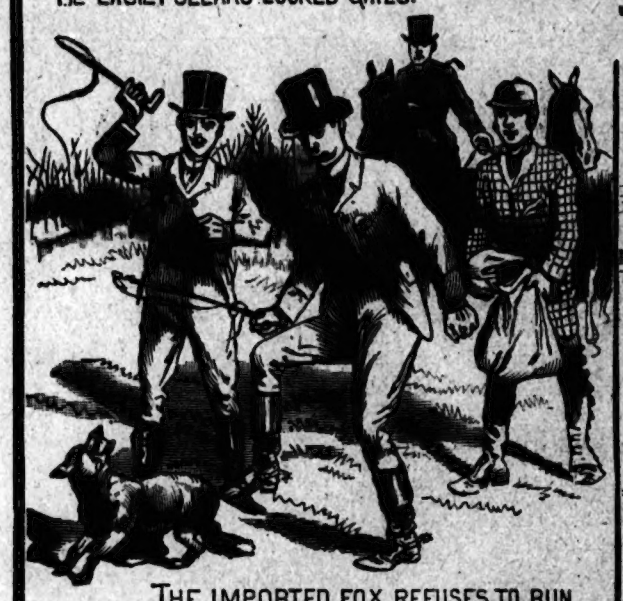

THE IMPORTED FOX REFUSES TO RUN

"LEAVE MY LAND, YOU D-D FOOLS, OR I'LL FIRE INTO YOU"

DRIVEN INTO A DITCH BY ENRAGED FARMERS

THE HUNTERS HUNTED.

THE NATIVE FOX IS SAFE, AND LAUGHS AT HIS RIVAL, THE ANISEBAG

INCIDENTS OF FOX HUNTING.

The Duke of Beaufort's Hounds Capture Reynard in a Cradle in a Cottage at Castle Coombe.

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